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The STEALING of the BUDDHA PEARL

By W. A. FRASER

With *Pictures* by C. D. WILLIAMS

WHEN a man is rich he joins the 10oth Hussars,—if he can; when he loses his money he retires,—he must. That's what Hadley did,—both. It was in Rangoon.

An officer out of service is about as useful as a bronze Buddha in Covent Garden; and the more Hadley thought of things he might do, the oftener he came back to the predominant idea of a popular crossing to sweep somewhere in London.

Then rose up Balthazar, the Armenian, and started him in the pearl fishing. Balthazar was an individual who had momentum and much money. Hadley had brains and honor,—there you are.

MacAllister, of Singapore, furnished a staunch craft of seventy tons, the Ruby; also good "Hinks'" air-pumps. Balthazar sent Lahbo, son of Mah Thu, who lived in Mergui, with Hadley. Lahbo was coach,—Hadley would soon learn, the Armenian said.

All the pearl fishers went to Mergui, in Burma, for their pump-boats and crews. Hadley hired three boats with crews from Ragathu, for 600 rupees per month. For each boat he hired a diver: Angelo, Pietro and Lahbo.

He was in luck. Angelo was the best diver in all the Mergui Archipelago. If other divers got thirty shells in a day, Angelo got fifty; when they brought none, he still found a few. Paralysis never came near him, though he dove deeper than any of them,—worked farther out in the deep water where the best shells were. When the other divers strove for his secret, Angelo showed his white Spanish teeth in a laugh, and said it was the medicine he rubbed on that kept him from the divers' devil,—the paralysis.

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Hadley's allotted station was off Pawa Island,—Pawa, where the great waterfall tumbles sheer over the rock-cliffed shore into the sea. It was good fishing there, and each evening when the boats pulled alongside the Ruby her decks glistened with the gray-green shells, big as soup plates, that were thrown over the rail. There were pearls in some of them, too; sometimes loose, like a cherry in the jelly; sometimes grown in the shell, like a fly in the amber.

Perhaps it was trying to keep up with Angelo that caused Lahbo to be laid by the heels by the dreaded paralysis. The second week of the fishing he came up unconscious, and when he opened his eyes again he was paralyzed. Hadley did not turn him off like a broken-down horse, but nursed him. "Hanged if I'll send him off there to live on betel nut," he said. "He's come to it working for me, and I'll see him through it."

That was Hadley's way. So he fed him generously, and doctored him intelligently, and paid him with a quixotic fairness. And when Lahbo went back to Mergui at the end of the season he told Mah Thu that Hadley Thakine was as good as a Buddhist.

Then the mother went and smoked her cheroot on the veranda of the pearl master's bungalow. The little eyes, like cheap yellow beads set deep in the heavy Burmese face, watched the white man furtively as he came and went. When the eyes were satisfied, she told him her secret,—of the Buddha Pearl. That was because he had been good to Lahbo. Years before, a Buddhist priest, Crotha, who was favored of Buddha, wanted to build a pagoda on Pawa. So he carved little images of Buddha from the alabaster, and put them in young oysters. These he put back in the sea near to Pawa. "The oysters will cover the Buddhas with nacre," said Crotha, "and I shall get many big pearls."

He invoked a curse on any who should come by the pearls dishonestly, and put a sacred mark on the shells so that they might be known.

When Crotha thought the pearls had been formed, he called Sebastian, who was Mah Thu's husband, to dive for them.

Now, Sebastian considered Buddha somewhat in the light of an imposter; and when the big pearl oysters with the marks were fished up, he gently strove to sequester them for the use of his own church. Nobody ever quite knew just what happened on the boat, for they were all killed in the row that ensued. Even Crotha, who was with them, was killed.

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Mah Thu knew the spot. Outside from Pawa, one mile to the East, is the Iron Dog Reef; fifty boat-lengths beyond this, sailing south until the great waterfall is opposite the first iron dog,—that was the spot. Mah Thu's story was so straight, and her eyes,—the gnarled little yellow eyes,—so full of truth, that Hadley believed her.

I must keep Angelo for this work, he thought. So when Angelo's money was all swallowed up in gin and religion, and little side issues, he advanced him more to live on; that was against the next season's work. Lahbo would be fit to work again also, the doctor said.

When Hadley went out next season, Mah Thu went with him to show the place where the great pearls were.

Beyond the Iron Dog Reef Hadley anchored the Ruby, and the divers worked back and forth.

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It was Lahbo found the teakwood ribs of Crotha's boat sticking up out of the sand, quite half a mile from the Ruby. It was in twenty-five fathoms, and the pressure was great. Lahbo had been so long under water that his tender signaled him to come up.

At last he came, with eight shells in his bag. As he reeled in the bottom of the boat, faint and giddy, one of the boatmen gave a queer cry of awe. Lahbo looked at him drunkenly; in the sailor's hand was a shell with the sacred mark of a pagoda on it.

"Loud-voiced fool!" said the diver, "throw it with the others." Then he swayed like a broken shutter, for he was half paralyzed by the terrible pressure, and fell in a heap close to the shells.

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"The sun will kill him, oh, you brothers of oxen. Put up on this side the canvas that he may have shade!" exclaimed Neyoung, the tender.

And to make hot water for the stricken man he built a fire on the small clay fireplace just in the stern. When the fire was burning strong, and the canvas had shut off the boatmen so that they could not see, Lahbo clutched his mate by the arm and pointed to the fire and the marked shell. All the weariness of the paralysis had gone; there was only a murderous look of cupidity in the oblique eyes of the diver. The tender understood. He shoved the little iron tongs that were used for the charcoal in the fire, and showed his pawn-blackened teeth in a grin of appreciation. Soon the tongs were red hot; Lahbo had taken a cork from the pocket of his short white jacket.

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Then Neyoung put the hot iron close to the hinge of the gigantic shell and slowly the saucer-like lids opened. The cork was shoved in to keep them in that position, and Lahbo explored the inside with a sliver.

The boatmen heard a sharp cry from behind the canvas. "Lahbo is in pain," they said.

"It's a pearl from the Gods," hoarsely whispered Lahbo to Neyoung, as he held in his hand something he had gently rolled out with the bamboo sliver.

Then they used the hot iron again, and the cork was taken out; the lids closed, and the hinge was made wet, and the oyster was tossed back among the others, and only the great pearl, large as a man's thumb, nestled in the trembling hand of Lahbo. The yellow in his eyes was streaked with blood-red pencilings. Surely the pressure had driven all the blood to his brain,—it was on fire. He strove to clutch at his throat,—he was choking; his hand refused to obey; a deathly numbness was creeping up the arm. The pearl clasped in the palm of his hand was ice; it was freezing the blood, and all the time his brain was on fire,—the smoke was smothering him.

He tried to call out; the muscles of his tongue had been cut; it lay like an idle thing

NEYOUNG PUT THE HOT IRON CLOSE TO THE HINGE OF THE GIGANTIC SHELL AND SLOWLY THE SAUCER-LIKE LIDS OPENED

in his mouth. Then slowly, inch by inch, the freezing crept up his arm, pricking and stinging like a thousand points. He tried to grasp it with the other hand,—to shake it into life again; it, too, was utterly powerless.

Then he knew.

Back across the shells he drooped, his eyes, with the red-streaked yellow, the only thing of life now left in his stiffening body.

Neyoung, the tender, also knew; and his black eyes glistened with a new light. With a wrench he tore open the stiffening fingers which clasped the pearl and slipped it in his mouth.

He knelt down and shoved his long yellow arm among the pots and things stored in the end of the boat. He found what he was searching for,—a ball of black pitch. Making a hole with his thumb, he shoved the pearl in, smoothed down the pitch, and threw it carelessly back where it had lain before.

Then he called:

"Ho, brothers! Lahbo is dead," and threw the canvas down.

They rushed aft and looked at Lahbo; the eyes of the paralyzed thief looked back at them, and they knew he wasn't dead,—only his muscles strangled by the evil spirits.

Then they seized the oars and pulled for the Ruby, for the wind was dead and the sea flat as the blue sky above them.

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Mah Thu leaned over the brass-studded rail, her wrinkled face looking like yellow parchment on the mirror water, as she watched them carry Lahbo up the little ladder and lay him on the deck. She took his poor, useless head in her lap, and Hadley watched the big pearl shells brought up. He was passing them through his hands when he suddenly stopped and held one out toward Mah Thu.

"That is one of them, oh, Thakine," she exclaimed.

Lahbo's eyes tried to say something, but they did not understand. Mah Thu thought he was in pain, and rocked her poor bent old body back and forth in anguish.

Hadley brought his little tub close to Mah Thu and opened the marked oyster. There was nothing in it,—no pearl.

"The evil spirits have stolen it," cried the woman.

Again the eyes that were in the dead body of the paralyzed diver tried to say something, but nobody understood him,—nobody only Neyoung. He knew, and he muttered to himself: "I must send Lahbo away to Nirvana, or those devil eyes will tell that I have the pearl."

In all the other oysters was only one pearl,—not a Buddha pearl. Mah Thu, Lahbo and Neyoung were sent back to Mergui in Lahbo's boat. And all the way in Neyoung's eyes was the light of murder; and in Mah Thu's watchfulness; and in Lahbo's something he wanted to tell, and which nobody understood,—nobody but Neyoung.

Hadley continued fishing, but no more Buddha pearls came his way.

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One moon from that time Neyoung landed in Singapore from the "S. I." mail steamer to sell the stolen Buddha pearl to Rico, the Russian Jew. That was Rico's business,—buying stolen pearls from divers.

Rico had a nose for pearls keen as the vulture instinct that finds a sand-buried horse. He swooped down on Neyoung, but the astute Burman would not show him the Buddha at first. He played Rico for a time. When the Jew saw the pearl he went mad.

Rico had seen big pearls, and bought them, too, but never anything like the Buddha pearl. It was as large as the jewel Tavernier had paid half a million for in Arabia. Rico knew that, for he knew all the great pearls in the world. The lustre was good, also. Neyoung dealt like a Burman who has an eager buyer after him,—sulkily. If Rico wanted the jewel he could take it at the tender's price, 20,000 rupees; if he did not, then the Burman would take it on to Freemantle, in Australia, and sell it to Simonski. How that set Rico's brain on fire! Simonski to get this, the greatest pearl since the time of Tavernier? Not if it cost him fifty thousand; but, slowly,—a thousand saved was a thousand gained.

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So for days they fenced,—this subtle Burman and the scienced Jew.

And all the time Neyoung was trembling lest the eyes of Lahbo should tell Mah Thu of the pearl.

Then one day the sale was completed. Neyoung got a thousand pounds.

That night Rico took the razor he kept for that purpose and cut the throats of twenty fowls. It was a sacrifice to the god that had sent the pearl to him. It was an extravagance,—he could not eat them; but he was drunken with the wine of success. He had never committed an extravagance before; also had he never come by a pearl for a thousand pounds worth twenty thousand.

When he got home he locked the door of his office and cherished his find. He opened his vest and rubbed it against his heart. He

Nobody knew just what happened on the boat

kissed it with his black, snuff-smudged lips. He put it on his table, and sat with his arms folded in front of it for a long time, drinking in the beauty of its vast contour.

Suddenly he gave a cry and sprang to his feet. The color seemed to have changed; a red, murky tinge had given place to the faint purplish lustre he had been worshiping.

He sat down with a hollow chuckle and gave a sigh of relief; it was only a passing fancy, or some drunken shadow, for the pearl-white was back again. All this excitement was not good for him, he thought. He would put it away,—lock it up in his iron safe, where it would be out of his sight.

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When he touched it a shudder ran up his arm. How cold the thing was! The perspiration stood out on his forehead as though he had taken an iced drink. When he placed it in the safe he fancied that two glassy eyes were staring at him from the dark interior. Surely the excitement had unstrung him a bit. When it was locked up he felt better; besides, the thought of the great gain he would make warmed his chilled blood.

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Next day he sent it to Dalito, in London, for sale. He described it to him as an irregular, pear-shaped pearl of great lustre, weighing 150 karats.

Then for a whole moon he knew no rest. He had insured it, but if it were lost or stolen! It was the one great thing he had achieved in his life.

At length he heard from Dalito, but the letter only increased his unrest. Evidently there had been some mistake. His letter had stated that the pearl was pear-shaped, of great lustre,—the one they had received was of no distinct form at all, but approached the button-shape; the lustre was bad, of a reddish cast; but they would try for an offer in the London market.

Rico was in despair. Somebody had stolen his priceless pearl and substituted this red, formless thing.

Then the memory of what he had seen in his own office,—that red shadow,—came back to him with full force,—also the eyes in the vault. What if this were a devil-pearl,—he had heard of them; where murder had been committed, and the ill-luck stuck to the jewel.

He laughed at his own folly, and sat down and wrote a scathing letter to Dalito. He, or somebody, was trying to rob him, he wrote. Then he tore it up hysterically, and wrote a beseeching one. This he also tore up. Next he wrote, he hardly knew what, and waited for further news.

The second letter from Dalito stated that, on closer examination, the pearl seemed to be of much better lustre than they had at first thought, and that there was every prospect of selling it to an Indian Prince for a very fair price; they would cable him the offer as soon as received, before closing.

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Rico cut the throats of more chickens and wept tears of gratitude. Surely it was good to be alive,—and deal in big pearls. He prayed that the heart of the Hindu Prince might be made to lean toward him.

The next letter was one of despair,—despair on the part of Dalito. They had sold the pearl simply on the strength of their guarantee that it was of good lustre. Now the Prince had sued them for damages, and brought half a dozen experts as witnesses who swore that it was of a vile red. They had been forced to take it back, and pay costs, bill of which they sent, and expected Rico to remit the amount. Under the circumstances they would ask to be relieved of the privilege of holding the jewel.

The only thing that seemed tangible to Rico in the whole thing was that the pearl retained its weight, 150 karats. Verily if it had not been for that he would have cut his own throat, instead of the chickens. He cabled them to send it to Antwerp. There it brewed worse mischief. Two men, an expert and a dealer, got into a wrangle over its lustre, and wound up by fighting a duel. But that did not settle the dispute, for there were other experts, some of whom swore it was red, while others declared it white. But to sell a pearl of 150 karats it must have

It was as large as the jewel Tavernier had paid half a million for in Arabia

a steady, sustained reputation; and soon Antwerp was no market for Rico's prize. The Jew would have to send it far from the strife it had created in Europe, so it was transferred to a big firm in Hong Kong.

Because of its likeness in shape to Buddha, its holder there narrowly escaped assassination twice from fanatical Buddhists. It was sold once, and the seller was beheaded for defrauding the buyer, a rich mandarin.

In despair Rico had it brought to Singapore. He would at least see it again. Then one day a brilliant idea came to him. Angelo had stopped at Singapore on his way to Australia. He was on a trip, and, incidentally, would now and then dispose of a few pearls that had stuck to his fingers.

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Rico had known the diver for years, and knew that he could trust him to carry out the mission he wished him to undertake.

"Angelo, my friend," said Rico, "my house is thrice accursed because of this shadow of a heathen god that changes color. I, a poor man, have given a thousand yellow sovereigns to a thief of a Burman for it, and am ruined. For days I eat nothing because of the poverty that has come upon me. Simonski, who lives in Freemantle, is rich; he has robbed and cheated the poor divers,—even you, too, Angelo,—and now he is rich. "Take you this purple devil and sell it to him for a thousand sovereigns, even as I bought it. Of a surety you may keep a hundred of it for yourself. Tell him that you have come by it at the fisheries; and show it to him when you are both calm in mood, for methinks men's passions bring the blood-red into the unchristian thing."

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Then Rico fairly wept at the loss of the hundred sovereigns, and the disappointment of the great chance that had gone by him. He chuckled sneeringly as he thought that Simonski would also have days of tribulation, and that presently he should have his rival's gold in his safe.

"He will buy it, Angelo, he will buy it," he said, as he walked up and down his office excitedly, dragging his long, talon-fingers through his yellow-gray beard. Then he stopped and faced the diver, looking pleadingly into his eyes: "And, Angelo, if you get from Simonski more,—£1200, or even more, you will bring me, a poor man, my thousand. Think of the money I have spent in commissions and insurances,—all lost, all lost!

"Surely you will get for me back my thousand pounds; but if not, then the nine hundred,—that you will get for me, Angelo. Remember, next year you will have pearls to sell, and I will pay you good prices."

Angelo did not take in the full pathos of the Jew's plaint; but he made up his mind to bleed Simonski for all the big pearl would fetch. Rico had said £900, and that was all he would get; the rest would be his perquisite for working Simonski.

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When Angelo landed in Freemantle he was met at the steamer by the Jew. The diver was diffident, and haughty; that proved to Simonski's astute mind that he must have something good,—something very good,—up his sleeve.

They were both artists. Angelo was Simonski's "dear friend." But Angelo answered that Simonski had paid him poor prices before; this time it would be a great price,—a really great price,—more money, perhaps, than the Jew had.

At this Simonski grinned and smote his chest, and was on the point of making a boast when he suddenly remembered that he was a buyer, and said: "Yes, alas! I am a poor man; the divers have robbed me because of the prices I paid them until I am poor. Rico, who has robbed the divers, is very rich."

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He thought he saw a look of disappointment creep into the eyes of Angelo. "But I can borrow the money, my peerless diver, by paying ruinous interest, so be it the pearls are good. But pearls are cheap,—very cheap this year. Big pearls sell for little more than small ones because everybody is poor,—everybody but Rico."

But not even that day did he see the pearl. Angelo, who had come by the cunning from his Spanish father and the patience of waiting from his native mother, knew the Jew was not quite ripe.

At last the day arrived when Angelo became mellow under the gentle influence of the Jew's alcoholic friendship.

Simonski had not seen the pearl before,—the diver would never show it. When the Jew beheld its size he thought that perhaps he would build a small synagogue if the favor continued till he acquired the gem.

Angelo threw his arms around the Jew's neck and kissed him like an impulsive Latin. In the end he made Simonski a present of the pearl,—for £1200.

Then he took the £900 back to Rico, and his own three hundred to Mergui.

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Simonski sent the Buddha to Dalito, even as Rico had done. "I am sending you the greatest of all pearls," the Jew wrote; "it ought to bring £25,000 at least." More he wrote, for the words cost nothing. "He will fall in love with my queen of light when he sees it," thought the Jew poetically, while he waited for word from Dalito.

The London dealer's letter was hardly a love epistle when it arrived. "This accursed bauble has turned up again," he said, "after nearly ruining my reputation as a respectable merchant; or else there has been a shower of devil-pearls out there, and you have each got one." He refused absolutely to have anything to do with negotiating its sale.

Simonski was horror-struck. Then a suspicion crept into his mind; Dalito was crying

down his jewel because of its priceless value. Did he not talk that way himself every day when buying? But this was too serious a matter; a pearl of that size! It was beyond cavil; he would teach Dalito a lesson. So he wrote to a trusted Jew friend of his in London to take it over to Antwerp, and advised Dalito to deliver it.

It landed his friend in jail in Antwerp, and cost Simonski many pounds to get him out, and the Buddha back again. They were all in league to cheat him out of this fabulous gem, he knew, for had he not seen it with his own eyes? and it was good.

Then he sent it to Hong Kong, to the same firm that had it before; but as it happened, his letter got there first, and when the jewel arrived they promptly reshipped it to Simonski without opening the case.

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When it came back he was nearly crazy. Day and night he had paced his room thinking of the mighty pearl.

Then Simonski thought of the King of Burma at Mandalay. He paid big prices for jewels, and was not so particular about color as they were in London. He would have to take it to Rangoon to reach him. So he went at once to Rangoon, to Balthazar; he was the man to get at the King.

All this time Mah Thu had been trying to find out something. Her little yellow-head eyes were always watching.

When Neyoung came back from Rico,—from having sold him the Buddha pearl,—he spent money like a son whose rich father is just dead. Mah Thu saw that. Then the curse of the Buddha pearl fell upon Neyoung, for his money melted away and left him with only a craving for opium.

When Angelo returned, the £300 he had got so cleverly from Simonski were not to be spent without many little boastings. To have done up a Jew of Simonski's calibre was, of a surety, cleverer than having gathered many tons of "pearl shell."

Mah Thu heard it in the bazaar, and questioned Angelo about it. Yes, it was shaped like a little bronze Buddha,—much like the little black alabaster Buddha in Mah Thu's lacquer box.

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Then Mah Thu talked to Lahbo about it. She had learned to understand the eyes. When he shut them quickly, that was "Yes"; when he rolled them, that was "No." Mah Thu asked him questions, and he answered,—that was their language. So Mah Thu asked Lahbo: "Did you see the Buddha pearl when you dove the last time?"

The eyes that had been always trying to tell something opened and closed eagerly, many times. "Did Neyoung steal it?"

Again the eyes answered "Yes."

"Did he bring it to Mergui?"

"Yes," answered Lahbo.

At last Mah Thu understood what the eyes had always been trying to tell her; and the eyes looked so glad.

It was plain enough. Neyoung had sold it to Rico, and Rico had sold it, through Angelo, to Simonski. When cornered, Neyoung confessed gladly enough. He had nothing to lose now; he was starving; and if he went to jail, even for many years, he would have plenty to eat,—and they would allow him a little opium lest he should die.

"Yes," Angelo said when questioned, "I sold the devil pearl, the thing that goes red and white by turns, like a changing lizard, to the Jew at Freemantle."

But there was no law broken in that; so the diver had no fear,—only pride at his cleverness.

Hadley followed up the course of the unfortunate pearl. He learned that both Rico and Simonski had failed to sell it in Europe, and that the Freemantle Jew had gone to Rangoon with it. He took the first steamer for that port himself when he learned this, taking Angelo with him to identify the pearl. He also had Neyoung's written confession of the theft.

He went straight to Balthazar, saying: "One Simonski has come here with a pearl. Tell him I want to see him."

Now, Balthazar had the Buddha in his possession. When Simonski brought it and he saw its great size he knew that the spirits of his forefathers had sent it to him that he might become rich among men. He had marveled much at the Freemantle Jew's stupidity in not sending it to Europe.

He was a man of much silence on occasion, so he said nothing to Hadley about this.

The Freemantle man thought he had a new purchaser for his jewel when he met Hadley. "Surely the pearl was worth £10,000," he told the Captain. "Never had such a precious thing come his way. Yes, £3000 was its price, and the next day he would show it." That was because Balthazar had it then in his hands to decide about buying it.

The Captain meant to seize it when it came into his possession. But that night it was stolen from Balthazar. Captain Hadley heard this in the morning, and told Angelo of it.

"Fernandez has stolen it," said Angelo; "he was a diver, but because of stealing he came to Rangoon. He has taken it,—he alone knows how to steal and sell pearls. These Burmese know only to steal rupees." Also he assured Hadley that he would get it for him. "Give me £100, master, and I will get it from Fernandez."

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Then the Captain went to Simonski and told him that the Buddha pearl was his; it had been stolen from him at the fisheries by Neyoung, and he, Simonski, had bought it from another diver, Angelo. Now it was stolen again, and he would hold the Jew responsible for its value, the £3000 he had said it was worth.

The Jew saw trouble ahead. He swore by the beard of Abraham that he had never said it was worth £3000. It was a vile, gnarled thing of infamous color, not worth a hundred pounds. He had been ruined by it,—it was a cursed thing, bringing nothing but trouble to honest men. It would be better if they never saw it again; and the thief would go to perdition because of it, sure. If he had asked £3000 for it from Balthazar, that was because the Armenian was rich, while he was a poor man and the pearl had ruined him. But the Buddha had been stolen from the Armenian, he declared, and he would make him pay its value, £3000.

Simonski was in despair. If he recovered the pearl Hadley would seize it; if he did not the Captain would try to make him pay its full value. If Balthazar paid him for it, this man would seize that. Surely evil days had fallen upon his house.

Captain Hadley was also uneasy. To come so close upon the jewel and then lose it was really too bad. It would be difficult to grind the money out of the Jew. All depended upon Angelo's being able to get back the pearl. A hundred pounds should fetch it, Hadley thought, if the diver could get at the right man; for it would be difficult for a thief to dispose of a jewel as large as the Buddha pearl.

That night Angelo brought to his master the stolen Buddha. Yes, it was Fernandez who had taken it. But he had given his master's word that nothing should be done to the thief; also had he paid him the £100,—all except ten pounds which he had kept for his own trouble.

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At last the Buddha pearl had come back to its rightful owner. Hadley had not stolen it; he had come by it in the fishing at Pawa; so the curse of Crotha fell away from it when it came into his hands.

Crotha's pearl had accomplished much. It had humbled Lahbo, and Neyoung, and Rico, and Simonski. And now it brought good fortune to Hadley, for he got £20,000 for it in England when he sent it there.

He gave Simonski £500 at the finish. He declared that he would give him nothing; but when tears stand in a man's eyes, what can another man do?

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The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XII

IT DID not happen until three days later that Thorpe's opportunity to speak alone with Lady Cressage came.

In this brief period the two parties seemed to have become fused in a remarkable intimacy. This was clearly due to the presence of the young people, and Thorpe congratulated himself many times each day upon the prescience he had shown in bringing them.

Both the ladies unaffectedly liked Julia; so much so that they seemed unwilling to make any plans which did not include her. Then it was only a matter of course that where she went her brother should go, and a further logical step quite naturally brought in their willing uncle. If he had planned everything, and now was ordering everything, it could not have gone more to his liking.

Certain side speculations lent a savor to the satisfaction with which he viewed this state of affairs. He found many little signs to confirm the suspicion that the two ladies had been the readier to make much of Julia because they were not over-keen about each other's society. The sweet-natured girl had come as a diversion to a couple who, in seclusion, did battle with tendencies to yawn.

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He was not quite convinced, for that matter, that the American lady always went to that trouble. She seemed to his observation a willful sort of person, who would not be restrained by small ordinary considerations from doing the things she wanted to do. Her relations with her companion afforded him food for much thought. Without any overt demonstrations, she produced the effect of ordering Lady Cressage about. This, so far as it went, tended to prejudice him against her. On the other hand, however, she was so good to Julia, in a peculiarly frank and buoyant way which fascinated the girl, that he could not help liking her. And she was very good to Alfred, too.

There was, indeed, he perceived, a great deal of individuality about the friendship which had sprung up between Miss Madden and his nephew. She was years his senior,—he settled it with himself that the American could not be less than seven-and-twenty,—yet Alfred stole covert glances of admiration at her, and seemed to think of nothing but opportunities for being in her company, as if—as if—Thorpe hardly liked to complete the comparison in his own thoughts.

Alfred, of course, said it was all on account of her wonderful hair; he rather went out of his way to dilate upon the enthusiasm her "color scheme,"—whatever that might mean,—excited in him as an artist. The uncle had moments of profound skepticism about this,—moments when he uneasily wondered whether it was not going to be his duty to speak to the young man about his attentions to her. For the most part, however, he extracted reassurances from Miss Madden's demeanor toward the lad.

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She knew, it seemed, a vast deal about pictures; at least, she was able to talk a vast deal about them, and she did it in such a calmly, dogmatic fashion, laying down the law always, that she put Alfred in the position of listening, as a pupil might listen to a master. The humility with which his nephew accepted this position annoyed Thorpe upon occasion, but he reasoned that it was a fault on the right side. Very likely it would help to keep the fact of the lady's seniority more clearly before the youngster's mind, and that would be so much gained.

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And these apprehensions, after all, were scarcely to be counted in the balance against the sense of achieved happiness with which these halcyon days kept Thorpe filled. The initiatory dinner had gone off perfectly. He could have wished, indeed, that Julia had a smarter frock, and more rings, when he saw the imposing costumes and jeweled throats and hands of his guests, but she was a young girl, by comparison, he reflected, and there could be no doubt that they found her charming.

As for Alfred, he was notably fine-looking in his evening clothes,—infinitely more like the son of a nobleman, the gratified uncle kept saying to himself, than that big dullard, the Honorable Balder. It filled him with a new pleasure to remember that Alfred had visiting-cards presenting his name as D'Aubigny, which everybody of education knew was what the degenerate Dabney really stood for. The lad and his sister had united upon this excellent change long ago at Cheltenham, and, oddly enough, they had confessed it to their uncle, at the beginning of the trip, with a show of trepidation, as if they feared his anger. With radiant gayety he had relieved their minds by showing them his card, with "Mr. Stormont Thorpe" alone upon it. At the dinner-table, in the proudest moment of his life, he had made himself prouder still by thinking how distinguished an appearance his and Alfred's cards would make in the apartment below next day.

But next day the relations between the two parties had already become too informal for cards. Julia went down to see them; they came up to see Julia. Then they all went for a long walk, with luncheon at Vevay, and before evening Alfred was talking confidently of painting Miss Madden. Next day they went by train to St. Maurice, and, returning after dark, dined without ceremony together.

JULIA

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This third day,—the weather still remaining bright,—they had ascended by the funicular road to Glion, and walked on among the swarming lugers up to Caux. Here, after luncheon, they had wandered about for a time, regarding the panorama of lake and mountains. Now, as the homeward descent began, chance led the two young people and Miss Madden on ahead.

Thorpe found himself walking beside Lady Cressage. He had upon his arm her outer wrap, which she said she would put on presently. To look at the view he must glance past her face; the profile, under the graceful fur cap, was so enriched by glowing color that it was, to his thought, as if she were blushing.

"How little I thought, a few months ago," he said, "that we should be mountaineering together!"

"Oh, no one knows a day ahead," she responded vaguely. "I had probably less notion of coming here then than you had."

"Then you don't come regularly?"

"No, indeed. I have never seen either Germany or Switzerland before. I have scarcely been out of England before."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN LEYENDECKER

is not quite twenty-five years of age. He was born in Montabour, Prussia. When he was eight years old his parents emigrated to America, making their home in Chicago. In the public schools of that city the boy Joseph received his education. His bent for art was so strongly manifested while a pupil in the grammar grades that he was eager to secure a position bringing him into daily contact with actual illustrative work. The only opportunity of this kind presenting itself was the offer of a position as errand boy in a large engraving house.

When not otherwise engaged he made his headquarters in the artists' room and employed every spare moment in observation and drawing. In the evenings he attended the night class at the Chicago Art Institute. At the end of six months he had so thoroughly demonstrated his artistic abilities that he was given a regular desk in the art department. Here he remained until the autumn of 1895, when he resigned his position and, in company with his brother, went to Paris for study in the Julian Academy.

There he worked almost wholly in oils under Laurens and Constans, taking four of the principal prizes offered by that famous school and having a portrait of his brother hung in the salon. Since his return from Paris, in the spring of 1897, the most of his purely illustrative work has appeared in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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FRANK XAVIER LEYENDECKER

began his artistic career at the age of fifteen years, working as a painter of church windows in a large establishment making a specialty of decorative glass work. He is twenty-three years of age.

His five years of constant work in painting on windows proved an excellent preparation for his studies in the Julian Academy, which he entered in 1895. His progress there was rapid, and he succeeded in winning several coveted prizes. When in Europe he visited his birthplace, at Montabour, Prussia, and took an extensive sketching tour through the Rhine country. Since returning to Chicago he has been one of the busiest workers among the Western illustrators.

"Why, now,"—he paused to think briefly upon his words,—"I took it for granted you were showing Miss Madden around."

"It's quite the other way about," she answered, with a cold little laugh. "It is she who is showing me round. It is her tour. I am the chaperon."

Thorpe dwelt upon the word in his mind. He understood what it meant only in a way, but he was luminously clear as to the bitterness of the tone in which it had been uttered.

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"No, it didn't seem as if it were altogether what I might call your tour," he ventured. They had seen much of each other these past few days, but it was still hard for him to make sure whether their freedom of intercourse had been enlarged.

The slight shrug of the shoulders with which, in silence, she commented upon his remark embarrassed him. For a moment he said nothing. He went on then with a renewed consciousness of risk.

"You mustn't be annoyed with me," he urged. "I've been traveling with that dear little niece of mine and her brother so long, that I've got into a habit of watching to notice if the faces I see round me are happy. And when they're not, then I have a kind of fatherly notion of interfering, and seeing what's wrong."

She smiled faintly at this, but when he added, upon doubtful inspiration, "By the way, speaking of fathers, I didn't know, at Hadlow, that you were the daughter of one of my Directors," this smile froze instantly.

"The Dent du Midi is more impressive from the hotel, don't you think?" she remarked, "than it is from here."

Upon consideration, he resolved to go forward. "I have taken a great interest in General Kervick," he said almost defiantly. "I am seeing to it that he has a comfortable income,—an income suitable to a gentleman of his position,—for the rest of his life."

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"He will be very glad of it," she said.

"But I hoped that you would be glad of it, too," he told her bluntly. A curious sense of reliance upon his superiority in years had come to him. If he could make his air elderly and paternal enough, it seemed likely that she would defer to it. "I'm talking to you as I would to my niece, you know," he added plausibly.

She turned her head to make a fleeting survey of his face, as if the point of view took her by surprise. "I don't understand," she said. "You are providing an income for my father, because you wish to speak to me like an uncle. Is that it?"

He laughed somewhat disconsolately at this interpretation.

"No, that isn't it," he said, and laughed again. "I couldn't tell, you know, that you wouldn't want to talk about your father."

"Why, there's no reason in the world for not talking of him," she made haste to declare. "And if he's got something good in the city, I'm sure I'm as glad as any one. He is the sort that ought always to have a good deal of money. I mean, it will bring out his more amiable qualities. He does not shine much in adversity, any more than I do."

Thorpe felt keenly that there were fine things to be said here, but he had confidence in nothing that came to his tongue. "I've been a poor man all my life, till now," was his eventual remark.

"Please don't tell me that you have been very happy in your poverty," she adjured him, with the dim flicker of a returning smile. "Very likely there are people who are so constituted, but they are not my kind. I don't want to hear them tell about it. To me, poverty is the horror, the unmentionable horror!"

—YET ALFRED STOLE COVERT GLANCES AT HER

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"There never was a day that I didn't feel that!" Thorpe put fervor into his voice. "I was never reconciled to it for a minute! I never ceased swearing to myself that I'd pull myself out of it. And that's what makes me sort of soft-hearted now toward those,—toward those who haven't pulled themselves out of it."

"Your niece says you are soft-hearted beyond example," remarked Lady Cressage quietly.

"Who could help being, to such a sweet girl as she is?" demanded the uncle fondly.

"She is very nice," said the other. "If one may say such a thing, I fancy these three months with her have had an appreciable effect upon you. I'm sure I note a difference in you."

"That's just what I've been saying to myself!" he told her. He was visibly delighted with this corroboration. "I've been alone practically all my life. I had no friends to speak of; I had no fit company; I hadn't anything but the determination to climb out of the hole. Well, I've done that, and I've got among the kind of people that I naturally like. But then there came the question of whether they would like me. I tell you frankly, that was what was worrying the heart out of me when I first met you. I like to be confessing it to you now, but you frightened me within an inch of my life. Well, now, you see, I'm not scared of you at all. And, of course, it's because Julia's been putting me through a course of sprouts."

The figure was lost upon Lady Cressage, but the spirit of the remarks seemed not unpleasant to her. "I'm sure you're full of kindness," she said. "You must forget that I snapped at you,—about papa."

"All I remember about that is," he began, his eye lighting up with the thought that this time the opportunity should not pass unimproved, "that you said he didn't shine much in adversity,—any more than you did. Now, on that last point I disagree with you, straight. There wouldn't be any place in which you wouldn't shine."

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"Is that the way one talks to one's niece?" she asked him almost listlessly. "Such flattery must surely be bad for the young." Her words were sprightly enough, but her face had clouded over. She had no heart for the banter.

"Ah," he half groaned, "I only wish I knew what was the right way to talk to you. The real thing is, that I see you're unhappy, and that gets on my nerve, and I should like to ask you if there wasn't something I could do, and ask it in such a way that you'd have to admit there was; and I don't know enough to do it."

He had a wan smile for thanks. "But of course there is nothing," she replied gently.

"Oh, there must be!" he insisted. He had no longer any clear notions as to where his tongue might not lead him. "There must be! You said I might talk to you as I would to Julia——"

"Did I?"

"Well, I'm going to, anyway," he went on stoutly, ignoring the note of definite dissent in her interruption. "You are unhappy. You spoke about being a chaperon. Well, now, to speak plainly, if it isn't entirely pleasant for you with Miss Madden, why wouldn't you be a chaperon for Julia? I must be going to London very soon, but she can stay here, or go to Egypt, or wherever she likes, and of course you would do everything, and have everything,—whatever you liked, too."

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"The conversation is getting upon rather impossible grounds, I'm afraid," she said, and then bit her lips together. Halting, she frowned a little in the effort of considering her further words, but there was nothing severe in the glance which she lifted to him as she began to speak. "Let us walk on. I must tell you that you misconceive the situation entirely. Nobody could possibly be kinder or more considerate than Miss Madden. Of course, she is American,—or, rather, Irish-American,—and I'm English, and our notions and ways are not always alike. But that has nothing to do with it. And it is not so much that she has many thousands a year, and I only a few hundreds. That in itself would signify nothing,—and if I must take help from somebody, I would rather take it from Celia Madden than anybody else I know,—but this is the point, Mr. Thorpe; I do not eat the bread of dependence gracefully. I pull wry faces over it, and I don't try very much to disguise them. That is my fault. Yes,—oh, yes, I know it is a fault, but I am as I am. And if Miss Madden doesn't mind,—why," she concluded with a mirthless, uncertain laugh, "why on earth should you?"

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"Ah, why should I," he echoed reflectively. "I should like desperately to tell you why. Some time I will tell you."

They walked on in silence for a brief space. Then she put out her hand for her wrap, and as she paused he spread it over her shoulders.

"I am amazed to think what we have been saying to each other," she said, buttoning the fur as they moved on again. "I am vexed with myself."

"And more still with me," he suggested.

"N—o—o, but I ought to be. You've made me talk the most shocking rubbish."

"There we disagree again, you know. Everything you've said's been perfect. What you're thinking of now is, that I'm not an old enough friend to have been allowed to hear it. But if I'm not as old a friend as some, I wish I could make you feel that I'm as solid a friend as any,—as solid and as staunch and as true. I wish I could hear you say you believed that."

"But you talk of 'friends,'" she said, in a tone not at all responsive. "What is meant by 'friends'? We've chanced to meet twice, and once we barely exchanged civilities, and this time we've been hotel acquaintances,—hardly more, is it?—and you and your young people have been very polite to me; and I, in a silly moment, have talked to you more about my affairs than I should; I suppose it was because you mentioned what you were doing for my father. But 'friends' is rather a big word for that, isn't it?"

"SURELY YOU MUST HAVE SAID EVERYTHING NOW THAT YOU WISHED TO SAY"

Thorpe pouted for a dubious moment. "I can think of a bigger word still," he said daringly. "It's been on the tip of my tongue more than once."

She quickened her pace. The air had grown perceptibly colder. The distant mountains, visible ever and again through the bare branches, were of a dark and cheerless blue. It was not yet the sunset hour, and there were no mists, but the light of day seemed to be going out of the heavens. He hurried on beside her in depressed silence.

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Their companions were hidden from view in a convolution of the winding road, but they were so near that their voices could be heard as they talked. Frequently the sound of laughter came backward from them.

"They're jolly enough down there," he commented at last, moodily.

"That's a good reason for our joining them, isn't it?" Her tone was at once casual and pointed.

"But I don't want to join them!" he protested. "Why won't you stay with me,—and talk?"

"But you bully me so," she offered in explanation.

The phrase caught his attention. Could it be that it expressed her real feeling? She had said, he recalled, that he had made her talk. Her complaint was like an admission that he could overpower her will. If that were true, then he had resources of masterfulness still in reserve sufficient to win any victory.

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"No, not bully you," he said slowly, as if objecting to the word rather than the idea. "That wouldn't be possible to me. But you don't know me well enough to understand me. I am the kind of man who gets the things he wants. Let me tell you something: When I was at Hadlow, I had never shot a pheasant in my life. I used to do tolerably well with a rifle, but I hardly knew anything about a shot-gun, and I don't suppose I'd ever killed more than two or three birds on the wing, and that was ages ago. But I took the notion that I would shoot better than anybody else there. I made up my mind to it, and I simply did it, that's all. I don't know if you remember, but I killed a good deal more than both the others put together. I give you that as an example. I wanted you to think that I was a crack shot, and so I made myself be a crack shot."

"That is very interesting," she murmured. They did not seem to be walking quite so fast.

"Don't think I want to brag about myself," he went on. "I don't fancy myself—in that way. I'm not specially proud of doing things: it's the things themselves that I care for. If some men had made a great fortune they would be conceited about it. Well, I'm not. What I'm keen about is the way to use that fortune so that I will get the most out of it,—the most happiness, I mean. The thing to do is to make up your mind carefully what it is that you want, and to put all your power and resolution into getting it,—and the rest is easy enough. I don't think there's anything beyond a man's reach, if he only believes enough in himself."

"But aren't you confusing two things?" she queried. The subject apparently interested her. "To win one's objects by sheer personal force is one thing. To merely secure them because one's purse is longer than other people's,—that's quite another matter."

He smiled grimly at her. "Well, I'll combine the two," he said.

"Then I suppose you will be altogether irresistible," she said lightly. "There will be no pheasants left for other people at all."

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"I don't mind being chaffed," he told her with gravity. "So long as you're good-natured, you can make game of me all you like. But I'm in earnest all the same. I'm not going to play the fool with my money and my power. I have great projects. Some time I'll tell you about them. They will all be put through,—every one of them. And you wouldn't object to talking them over with me,—would you?"

"My opinion on 'projects' is of no earthly value,—to myself or any one else."

"But still you'd give me your advice if I asked it?" he persisted. "Especially if it was a project in which you were concerned?"

After a moment's constrained silence she said to him: "You must have no projects, Mr. Thorpe, in which I am concerned. This talk is all very wide of the mark. You are not entitled to speak as if I were mixed up with your affairs. There is nothing whatever to warrant it."

"But how can you help being in my projects if I put you there, and keep you there?"

he asked her with gleeful boldness. "And just ask yourself whether you do really want to help it. Why should you? You've seen enough of me to know that I can be a good friend. And I'm the kind of friend who amounts to something,—who can and will do things for those he likes. What obligation are you under to turn away that kind of a friend, when he offers himself to you? Put that question plainly to yourself."

"But you are not in a position to nominate the questions that I am to put to myself," she said. The effort to import decision into her tone and manner were very apparent. "That is what I desire you to understand. We must not talk any more about me. I am not the topic of conversation."

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"But first let me finish what I wanted to say," he insisted. "My talk won't break any bones. You'd be wrong not to listen to it, because it's meant to help you, to be of use to you. This is the thing, Lady Cressage: You're in a particularly hard and unpleasant position. Like my friend Plowden,"—he watched her face narrowly, but in vain, in the dull light, for any change at mention of the name,—"like my friend Plowden, you have a position and title to keep up, and next to nothing to keep it up on. But he can go down into the city and make money,—or try to. He can accept directorships and tips about the market, and so on, from men who are disposed to be good to him, and who see he can be of use to them,—and so he can do something for himself.

"But there is the difference: you can't do these things, or you think you can't, which is the same thing. You're all fenced in; you're surrounded by notice-boards, telling you that you mustn't walk this way, or look that way; that you mustn't say this thing, or do the other. Now, your friend down ahead there,—Miss Madden,—she doesn't take much stock in notice-boards. In fact, she feeds the gulls, simply because she's forbidden to do it. But you, you don't feed any gulls, and yet you're annoyed with yourself that you don't. Isn't that the case? Haven't I read you right?"

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She seemed to have submitted to his choice of a topic. There was no touch of expostulation in the voice with which she answered him. "I see what you think you mean," she said.

"Think!" he responded, with self-confident emphasis. "I'm not thinking. I'm reading an open book. As I say, you're not contented; you're not happy; you don't try to pretend that you are. But all the same, though you hate it, you accept it. You think that you really must obey your notice-boards. Now what I tell you you ought to do is, to take a different view. Why should you put up all this barbed wire between yourself and your friends? It doesn't do anybody else any good, and it does you harm. Why, for example, should Plowden be free to take things from me, and you not?"

She glanced at him with a cold half-smile in her eye. "Unfortunately, I was not asked to join your Board."

He pressed his lips tightly together, and regarded her meditatively as he turned these words over in his mind. "What I'm doing for Plowden," he said, with slow vagueness meanwhile, "isn't so much because he's on the Board. He's of no special use to me there. But he was nice to me at a time when that meant everything in the world to me, and I don't forget things of that sort. Besides, I like him, and it pleases me to let him in for a share of my good fortune. See? It's my way of enjoying myself. Well, now, I like you, too, and why shouldn't I be allowed to let you in also for a share of that good fortune?

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"You think there's a difference, but I tell you it's imaginary,—pure moonshine. Why, the very people whose opinion you're afraid of,—what did they do themselves when the South African craze was on? I'm told that the scum of the earth had only to own some chartered shares, and pretend to be 'in the know' about them, and they could dine with as many Duchesses as they liked. I knew one or two of the men who were in that deal; I wouldn't have them in my house; but it seems there wasn't any other house they couldn't go to in London."

"Oh, yes, there were many houses," she interposed. "It wasn't a nice exhibition that society made of itself, one admits that; but it was only one set that quite lost their heads. There are all kinds of sets, you know. And I don't think I see your application, in any event. The craze, as you call it, was all on a business basis. People ran after those who could tell them which shares were going up, and they gambled in those shares. That was all, wasn't it?"

Still looking intently at her, he dismissed her query with a little shake of the head. "'On a business basis,'" he repeated, as if talking to himself. "They like to have things 'on a business basis.'"

He halted, with a hand held out over her arm, and she paused as well, in a reluctant, tentative way. "I don't understand you," she remarked blankly, after a moment.

"Let me put it in this way," he began, knitting his brows, and marshaling the thoughts and phrases with which his mind had been busy. "This is the question: You were saying that you weren't asked to join my Board. You explained in that way how I could do things for Plowden, and couldn't do them for you. Oh, I know it was a joke, but it had its meaning,—at least, to me. Now, I want to ask you,—if I decide to form another company, a very small and particular company,—if I should decide to form it, I say,—could I come to you and ask you to join that Board? Of course I could ask you to join it, but what I mean is,—well, I guess you know what I mean."

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The metaphor had seemed to him a most ingenious and satisfactory vehicle for his purpose, and it had broken down under him amid evidences of confusion which he could not account for. All at once his sense of physical ascendency had melted away,—disappeared. He looked at Lady Cressage for an instant, and knew there was something shuffling and nerveless in the way his glance then shifted to the dim mountain chain beyond. His heart fluttered surprisingly inside his breast during the silence which ensued.

"Surely you must have said everything now that you wished to say," she observed at last. She had been studying intently the trodden snow at her feet, and did not even now look up. The constraint of her manner, and a certain pleading hesitation in her words, began at once to restore his self-command. "Do not talk of it any further, I beg of you," she went on. "We—we have been lagging behind unconscionably. If you wish to please me, let us hurry forward now. And please!—no more talk at all!"

"But just a word,—you're not angry?"

She shook her head very slightly.

"And you do know that I'm your friend, your solid, twenty-four-carat friend?"

After a moment's pause, she made answer, almost in a whisper: "Yes, be my friend, if it amuses you," and led the way with precipitate steps down the winding road.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

Pictures by Henry Hutt

NINETEENTH CHAPTER

IT WAS mid-June on the road to Weecapaug. April had cried; May had smiled, and now June bloomed in consequence. June, with her sensuous grace, her intoxicating scent, her lazy languor, her occasional recollections of October.

June was born in a bed of roses in the Elysian fields, the child of smiles and tears. She grew to maidenhood a perfect physical creature, but of willful, stormy disposition. She loved the dreamy Prince of Day too well; her weakness lay in yielding; her punishment came in separation. The decree from the Elysian Monarch proclaimed, "Thou shalt wed the Starry Night." June made a last request to see her Prince once more. "Yes," came the decree, "one last meeting with the Prince, then eternal separation." Thus was created the rare day in June, a token of the last ecstasy of the Elysian maid and the Prince of Day.

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On this anniversary of the rare day in June Dr. Everett Layton arrived in Shannock at his uncle's house. As he walked up from the station there were symptoms either of spring fever in his lagging steps or change of disposition since we last saw him. In truth, it was neither. Symptoms are as inconsistent as human beings. He had put forth his deepest affection, his mightiest effort toward perfection, only to receive in return what he considered ill, if not frivolous, treatment from the woman for whose sake he had striven.

A man of his disposition can brook any amount of unkind treatment rather than insincerity. Monarch lay in the sun on the porch when Layton walked up the gravel path to the old Everett house and sat down beside the dog, who had roused himself sufficiently to joyfully welcome his old friend. But these friendly energies were ephemeral on a sleepy day,—he soon returned to his slumbers. Doctor Layton watched him and nearly laughed at the dramatic action of Monarch's rest. The dog stretched himself and sighed, then snuggled down to sleep. Presently a fly came along and settled on his nose. Monarch indifferently slapped it off with one paw, opening one eye half way for a moment. He gave another yawn and snuggle. Sleep came for a minute or two. Suddenly he bounded to his feet, barking violently, running up and down in search of a thief, some canine enemy or a nightmare,—the cause of his sudden attacks of violence were never disclosed.

"Quiet, Monarch! Down, sir!" commanded Layton, "'twas only a bumblebee."

The dog looked at him questioningly. Layton nodded. Monarch seemed satisfied and rather ashamed, for he dropped his head between his forelegs, his tail between his hind, slunk over to the sunny spot, sighed deeply three times, and slept, opening one eye at intervals and slapping off the flies until he snored, when a step from within the house made him spring up again, uttering that indescribable sound of canine welcome known to the Gordon setter, and which might be called a compromise between a throaty squeal and a heavy grunt. Layton turned and saw his uncle standing in the doorway.

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"Well, well! When did you come?" said Mr. Everett, showing keen pleasure.

"Just a few moments ago. I thought I'd cool off in the shade before going in. Everything was so quiet I thought you must be away," replied Layton, standing up to shake hands with his uncle.

"It is a quiet, beautiful day, isn't it? I was writing letters in the library, but I thought I heard some one come up on the porch, and came out to see if I was mistaken. How goes it?"

"As slow as the day, Uncle Billy. I've got the hypo or blue devils, or both, so I came down to see you and Ol,—the panacea for all my woes."

"Haven't you had any news yet?"

Layton shook his head negatively.

"It's very strange, Everett. Are you sure she said she would write? You never showed me the telegram, you know."

"Absolutely sure. Here it is. I have carried it around with me ever since it came hoping to find some sudden light on the meaning. Read it for yourself."

He took a much-worn telegram out of his left vest pocket and handed it to Mr. Everett, who sat down on a porch chair, adjusted his glasses, giving a curious little pucker to his lips, a habit of his when reading, and looked over the telegram several times. "So glad. Cannot go—to—you—now. Cannot see—my way," he read aloud, breaking the words meditatively. "Write."

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"Yes, it is there, 'Write.' She might have said 'will write,' but women always do economize on telegrams,—or she might have meant for you to write if there was anything left for you to write about after she declined you. Let me see! Let me see!" He meditated again upon the words of the telegram, then delivered himself: "Everett, it is impenetrable, but if you will permit me to speak the unvarnished truth, you are a fool for not going out there and investigating

—THAT INDESCRIBABLE SOUND OF CANINE WELCOME, WHICH MIGHT BE CALLED A COMPROMISE BETWEEN A THROATY SQUEAL AND A HEAVY GRUNT

the matter. Happiness is such a rare plant it is worth cultivating. Don't let it go to seed. You look awfully down in the mouth. I was a fool myself for telling you how things looked to me out there,—it's the only womanish thing I ever did in my life. I naturally despise tattlers, but if I found there was a rival in my field I'd gird up my loins and show him my mettle, not sulk in a corner."

"You're pretty hard on me, Uncle Billy," replied Layton, his eyes flashing an instant. "I'm not sulking. I'm trying to stand on my dignity,—if I ever had any."

"I beg your pardon, Everett," replied Mr. Everett. "I most certainly beg your pardon. I forget sometimes that you are not still a boy to be scolded roundly for pig-headedness.

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"That's all right, uncle. Scold away, but it won't do any good."

"Well, but, Everett, just let me hint something to Louise in the letter I am writing her to-day,—something to draw her out on the subject,—won't you?"

"Not a word, uncle, at the risk of my displeasure. It's hard luck to have been born sensitive as I was. I suppose I'm what a woman would call hurt,—hurt not only in my pride, but in my deepest affection. Louise, as I told her once, is an idealist in that she searches always for an ideal shaped and ready for her worship, while I, who never look for ideals on earth, unconsciously create them in my own mind in the image of those I love. She has undermined my ideal of her, and with it the love which was growing to be like yours for your wife. I was beginning to be happy in the mere act of loving,—it filled so much of my life with good feeling and high desire. But a woman who could flirt with reform as applied to me and throw me over finally,—oh! We'd better not talk about it,—I might say something I'd regret afterward. She was mistaken,—she found she did not love me,—that at my level best I was not worthy of her, which, of course, I'm not, and so——" he stopped talking, and smoothed Monarch's head and back with his hand.

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"If Louise were not in the habit of using metaphorical and rather hilarious phrases I'd insist that 'I cannot see my way' was literal," replied Mr. Everett, returning to perusal of the telegram. "Young people are always getting into some foolish muddle over their love affairs, and things come right in the end, as I believe this will. The minute I knew she was Tom Fremont's daughter I knew you were meant for each other."

"You forget that I am not a very young person; neither is Louise a mere girl. We both have decided minds of our own——"

"Now you've hit the nail on the head; if minds stand for wills, you'd both be better off if one or the other had less of that commodity. Now I must tell you one thing, Everett; although I care for you as my own son, I cannot let this misunderstanding between you and Louise separate me entirely from Tom's girl. I am her natural protector, if you are not to be, and by next fall, if this affair is not settled amicably between you, I intend, when I go out to Chicago to look after her business interests, to bring Louise back to my house with me if she will come——"

"Or hasn't married meantime," interposed Layton.

"Of course, that is to be taken into consideration, but I have my doubts. I don't believe that any woman having loved you could ever love any one else——"

"Nonsense, uncle! Mabel was a fine illustration of that truth."

"Don't let us speak of her,—she was a totally unworthy person. Louise Fremont will yet be your wife,—mind my words. It must be lunch time. Are you coming in?"

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"Yes, just to lunch with you, then I'm going down to fish with Ol this afternoon," replied Layton, following Mr. Everett into the house.

"The boy is in you still. I remember how, when you were a little shaver, you'd fling out of the house after a scolding, calling back, 'I don't care what you say,—I'm going fishing with Ol. Mebbe I'll never come back. We're going to be sea captains.'" Mr. Everett smiled paternally upon Layton, who replied, "Yes, 'fishin' with Ol' has saved me from many a worse thing all my life."

It was mid-June on the road to Weecapaug. Ol Peckham was sitting on the bridge with Mary Ann. They were both smoking. The small rifle was at rest near by. Ol had a way of talking things over with Mary Ann.

"Well, Mary Ann," said he, "I cal'late there'll be rain before mornin'. Them maretail clouds mean bizness. I 'low we'd better not be tadpolin' roun' here much longer as long's them fish's to be dressed an' the boat set to rights.

"By Gui! This weather be draggin'! A feller can't git no move on in it. Mary Ann, 'spose you'd like to see gurl's much's I would? Them maretail clouds al'ays turns my thoughts on her. She al'ays 'lowed they resembled an' ole white-haired woman's switch. It's cur'us 'bout her'n Doc, 'n why she don't come back here nor say she's comin'. There be somethin' crooked roun', but if I wus Doc I wouldn't take it so to heart as to let on to folks. Why, 'f you wus to drop overboard, Mary Ann, I'd jus' say never mind—there's plenty more to git where you come from. Sure's you're alive, though, there ain't many to git 'longside o' gurl. When I think mebbe 'tain't to be fur me to see her again I jus' have to swaller whether or no, an' my feelin's goes down to the zero pint. What's that? 'Twere a Bob White in them bushes behind Melissy's!"

Ol answered the bird-call in perfect imitation. "Bob White! Bob White!" came back to him, apparently from the interior of Melissa's horse barn.

"Melissy must 'a' took to warblin', or else Sade's got back her hearin' an'a celebratin'. Quails don't roost in horse barns's I know of. By Gui! if 'tain't Doc! Mary Ann, thinkin' o' gurl must 'a' brung him!"

"Land o' love! where be you goin'? Who's dead or married, you're so slicked up?"

Ol changed his whistle from one bird-call to another, echoed by Layton as he walked down the road, having left his team at Melissa's. When he approached within speaking distance Ol called out lazily in great good humor: "Bob Whites be wearin' pants these days, be they? Well, they'd be acceptable if they's in petticoats an' wore their feathers on a bunnet. Where'd you come from? Did a house fall on you?"

"No; why? Do I look like it?" replied Layton, his face brightening.

"Gui, yes! You look all fell in. Be you?" replied Ol, sitting still and smoking serenely.

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Layton was surprised to hear himself laugh. He had decided that he never could do that again, but laughter was his native element, his principal recuperative force, and no grief could rob him of his sense of humor. He sat down near Ol and took off his hat.

"Better not," said Ol. "Sunstrokes be roun' fur the summer."

"I'll risk a sunstroke in June every time," replied Layton, taking up the rifle and drawing out the rod. "Loaded?" he asked.

"Not if I know it,—layin' roun' like that. Say, Doc, what'd you come fur? Foun' you couldn't live without me or Melissy, which?"

"You, Ol," replied Layton, his face growing grave again. "Left my work and everything else in the middle of the week just to come down and see you. I'm getting desperate, Ol, and I came down to see if you couldn't give me a lift."

"Money or temper, which one d'you want? I've got 'em both in bank, an' you're welcome to any o' my belongin's al'ays, Doc; you know that."

"Yes, Ol, I do know it. I've got more money than I know what to do with the way I live now. It isn't that, and it isn't exactly temper,—I suppose it's comfort I want."

"Comfort?" repeated Ol, knocking the ashes out of Mary Ann and replacing her in his hip pocket. "Melissy says a man wa'n't made to take comfort this side o' Heaven, an' it's uncertain even in that place. 'Tain't my principles o' things, though."

"Comfort's to be got for the asking, if you know where to look, Ol, and I'll go to the ends of the earth for it."

"Oh, that's too fur. You al'ays wants to go out of the way fur things. I cal'late if you'd start out an' stop when you git to Chicago you'd find some o' that article floatin' roun' to spare."

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"No, it wouldn't be to spare for me," replied Layton, cleaning out the barrel of the rifle with the end of the rod wrapped in a piece of flannel.

"Now, see here, Doc, me'n you be friends, an' there ain't no use talkin' same's them riddles in almanacs. If you've got a mind to tell me 'bout you'n gurl, I've got a mind to listen an' give all the comfort I've got, when I know what it's fur I be given. I never did take no stock in beatin' 'bout the bush unless there's quail to be riz by it. Stop beatin' an' speak yure mind, or you'n me'll drop the subject in han', as the Hon'able Charles Henry Callender says the other evenin' at a political speakin' up to Shannock, when Bill Clarke he got the better o' him in argument."

"Don't you understand, Ol, that the subject in hand is almost too sacred for a man to speak to another about?" replied Layton, who in his boyhood always went to Ol with every important item of his life, placing it with him for safe keeping.

"Then don't speak about it," returned Ol.

"The only reason I have for telling you this is that you know Miss Fremont so well, and have such a keen insight into human nature, that as a last resort I have come to you to ask you for an explanation of her strange conduct toward me."

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"What's she done to you?" asked Ol, quick to take up her defense. "I 'low there's two sides to a question. Mebbe you've done somethin' to her's well."

"I certainly have not to my knowledge. When we parted after that Christmas together at Uncle Billy's she promised to be my wife at the end of the year, provided I would live the life she wished me to, alone until the next Christmas, when, if I succeeded, I was to send her word by the one sentence, 'I am ready.' Last Christmas, being able to honestly say that to her, I got all ready to start West the day after Christmas, closed my house, gave Jenny a vacation, packed plenty of clothes, and came down to spend Christmas with Uncle Billy. My hope was that she would marry me out there and we could have a little trip together before coming back to Uncle Billy's, where she could have stayed until I could fit up a house in town that I had bought for her. I didn't want to fix it up until I knew how she would like to have it done. Early Christmas morning I wired her——"

"You done what?" interrupted Ol.

"Telegraphed her 'I am ready——'"

"Land o' Goshen! Couldn't you take time to write a letter to a lady you was after in marriage?"

"Of course, I could have written to her," replied Layton in a tone of surprise. It never had occurred to him before that exception could be taken to the manner of his wooing.

"But it seemed to me she would know exactly how anxious I was to see her if I wired."

"What'd gurl do?" asked Ol, the smiling wrinkles growing about his eyes.

"I told her to wire back to me at Shannock. Late in the evening I received a message saying, 'I cannot go to you. I cannot see my way,' adding that she would write."

"Well, then, you'd ought to gone after her if she tole you she couldn't see her way," said Ol with displeasure. "You know better'n anybody how blind she be gettin', poor gurl!"

"Oh, that wasn't what she meant, Ol; you don't understand. People say they can't see their way when they mean they don't see how they can do a thing. It's a particular expression of hers," replied Layton impatiently. "She knew that either Uncle Billy or I would have gone after her——"

"I'd gone myself," Ol muttered.

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"If she'd said the word. No, she meant that, after all, my effort to make myself worthy of her had not made her forgive me for my past life. I waited for her letter,—she said she'd write, remember,—but not a word has ever come from her."

"That do be cur'us. 'Tain't a bit like gurl. Why ain't you out there findin' out what ails her? Mebbe she be porely an' can't write the letter."

"No, she is as well as usual. Uncle Billy has heard from her several times since then. I would go out any way, Ol, were not the circumstances so complicated,—so mixed up, I mean. I swore I would never ask her to marry me again after that Christmas day, and I never will. I have never laid myself at any woman's feet to be walked over, and I never intend to; besides, there is another man——" he hesitated.

"Another one a-courtin' o' her?" asked Ol eagerly, then added with slow determination, "Well, he sha'n't have her while I'm alive. Who be he?"

"A celebrated preacher out there. Uncle Billy told me about him——"

"Nice bizness he were in," remarked Ol.

"He only told me because he thought such information would make me hurry out there, but it worked the other way. If Louise can prefer any man to me I want her to know her mind on the subject before marriage, not after. I had enough of that kind of thing before."

His mouth formed into a sneer, and his eyes reflected the expression in their blue depths.

"I don't believe nothin' o' the kind 'bout gurl. Where'd the boss git his information, I'd like to know? I bet gurl never informed him!"

"No, of course not. He saw the man with her out there, and knew at a glance how things stood with him."

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"Oh, what foolishness! Every man on airth 'lows everything wearin' pants be lookin' at his pa'tic'lar gurl. The boss hadn't ought to said such a thing without gurl give him pa'tic'lar information. What if the preacher be courtin' her? That ain't no reason she be courtin' him. I cal'late you ain't the only one's courted her."

"That's so, Ol, and what Uncle Billy said would never have affected me had she written some explanation of her refusal, as she said she would in the telegram. I have waited six months for a word from her, and am about ready to throw over the whole thing."

"Go back to them cocktails, you mean?" asked Ol, taking out Mary Ann again and lighting her up.

"Not cocktails in particular, but the entire effort they symbolize,—an effort made to please a woman who could demand that much, then make light of her own act and my endeavor by a careless consignment of me into her past without one word of regret."

Layton, for the moment unconscious of Ol, had lapsed into introspective speech beyond the limits of the latter's vocabulary. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and began his favorite occupation when by the water of skimming stones or shells. Ol was silent, too; he was thinking, inspired by Mary Ann. After a few moments he said slowly:

"A feller can't do any more'n tell you what he'd cal'late to do if he was like circumstanced. He can't really never see the right o' any bizness but his own. There be one thing certain, gurl ain't in no way similar to that furst woman o' yours. If she ever promised to holt to you fur marriage in case you done what she said, she'll stick to her word till Gabriel blows his trump, an' after. She's by nacher similar to rock. It be tough work scratchin' yure name on it, but once scratched there ain't any man's can rub it off. That be my idea o' gurl. Seems like she ought to 'a' writ that letter if she giv her word to. Sure she can see to write now?"

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"She can see to write to me as well as to Uncle Billy. That was one reason I told her to wire, because I knew writing was bad for her eyes," replied Layton.

"That be the livin' truth,—she could have writ to you's well's to the boss. It do beat lyin' how unonderstandable women folks be. But if you'd seen her look's I have, when talkin' 'bout you, you'd go out there, letter or no letter, preacher or no preacher."

"When did she look that way, Ol?" asked Layton quickly.

"More times'n one, Doc. An' I say you go cruisin' 'long out there, 's though by accident, jus' to see how she looks when she lays eyes on you. Think how short a time she has to see you in, if them things be really growin' on her eyes, an' you'll be sorry fur poor gurl."

"No one can be more sorry for her than I am, Ol," said Layton, gently drawing his hat farther down over his eyes. "But this is the third time she has refused to marry me. Would you ask a woman again, after that?"

"No, I'll be durned if I would," replied Ol, using the expletive belonging only to his

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MR. STANLEY WATERLOO,

one of the most popular and successful authors of the West, has not lived a life devoid of variety and change, but seems rather to have kept up a double-quick step in his literary career. Starting out as a reporter on the Chicago Times, he has successively occupied editorial chairs in the offices of the St. Louis Journal, the Evening Republican of St. Louis, the St. Louis Chronicle, the Globe-Democrat, the St. Paul Despatch, Chicago Tribune and the Washington Critic. His story of Chicago Fifty Years Ago appears in this issue of the POST.

The evening newspaper is a hobby with Mr. Waterloo. He believes firmly in its future and realizes all its possibilities of development.

Mr. Waterloo is a man of many accomplishments, and his writings show the vigor and grace of a strong personality. His latest book, Armageddon, is a political novel dealing with a supposed war in which all Europe, the United States and Japan are arrayed against one another.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story was begun in the issue of the POST for November 12, 1898.

most emphatic denials. "There ain't no gurl alive wurth runnin' after 'till you lose yure breath. Like's not I'd live al'ays to myself if I couldn't catch up with the one I wanted most, but I'll be durned if I'd let any woman folks buzz round me like a honey bee, never lightin' long, but comin' an' goin' to please itself. Not much, by Gul!"

Layton, in all the years of his association with Ol, had never seen him display this amount of conversational energy, except upon the one subject of the phantom ship. He looked at the brown face once more resuming its habitual calm, and wondered why Ol had never married. "It seems to me that is about what all women do around you, Ol," said Layton. "They buzz and buzz around you, taking your sweetness of nature and giving you little enough in return. Aren't you ever going to marry?"

"Land sakes, Everett!" replied Ol, calling the Doctor by the name he had dropped out of respect to his friend's new dignity when Layton first took his degree. "You ain't callin' me honey now, be you? You're growin' soft. Men as goes courtin' al'ays gits that way, not jus' with the gurl, but with all folks. 'Tain't likely as I'll ever marry. You said yureself once there wa'n't no gurl good 'nough fur me, an' they ain't many angels flying round, so I cal'late I'll have to wait till I git to Heaven, an' they say as folks don't marry nohow up there, so my chance fur marryin' seems pore, don't it? Now you jus' hear me speak a spell; I'm talkin' long to-day, but there be time an' to spare, an' the subject be wurth talkin' 'bout.

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"I ain't the one to foller no gurl round same's a ole spiritless bull pup tied to a gurl's chain I see in New York, but there ain't many more gurls like gurl to be found than there be angels, an' I say you go straight's my rifle shoots out to that place where she be convertin' sinners, an' say, 'I mean bizness; what do you mean?' an' you'll find gurl's all right, if she do seem wrong this fur away. You can't al'ays tell a wakeup from a sparrow at long range, a-settin' still, but jus' let the wakeup peep an' there's a big difference. You don't know nothin' 'bout gurl at all till she talks, an' silence ain't goin' to make her talk, so I say go; take the furst train out o' Shannock to that place where all the folks appear to be preachers or rivalists a' convertin', an' mebbe you'll git some religion yureself while you're about it."

He paused, waiting for Layton to speak, but the Doctor, who had stretched himself on his back at full length, made no answer. After awhile Ol asked earnestly, "Ain't that comfortin' advice, Doc?"

"Yes, it's comforting enough, but I can't take it, Ol. I cannot go to her until she sends for me. Where were you going?"

"Nowheres in pa'tic'lar. Any place you'd like to go?" Ol was evidently disappointed.

"Yes, I think I'd like a strong pull out to sea and an afternoon's fishing."

"As you say, Doc. We'll go right 'long. The tide's right to git back. The wind's to the southerd, but it's shiftin' east." They got up and walked down to the camp. Layton helped with the preparations, and they were soon pulling together out beyond the bar. Nothing more was said about Louise until the Doctor left that night, when Ol asked, "Sure you ain't goin' West, Doc?"

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"Perfectly certain, Ol. I can't go until I hear from her."

The next day Ol stopped in to see Melissa. "Land o' love!" exclaimed she. "Where be you goin'? Who's dead or married, you're so slicked up? Goin' Shannock way?"

"Yes, I be," replied Ol with assumed carelessness. "Goin' farther,—goin' to try my luck a-fishin' in them Western lakes. Timothy Whitby he asked me to go 'long o' him a month ago jus' fur a trip an' experience, so I be a-goin'."

"I want to know!" replied Melissa excitedly. "How fur be it out there?"

"Out by Chicago somewheres," replied Ol. "Tim knows. I ain't had a trip fur ten years, an' it's 'bout time to be movin' fur fear the barnacles'll grow over my hulk."

"Chicago! Ain't that where Miss Fremont's stayin'? Be you goin' to see her?"

"Tain't likely I'd pass her by if she comes in my way. Be good to yureself, Melissy."

"Ol Peckham's a born fool, runnin' round after a woman like that!" thought Melissa, as he disappeared around the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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FORREST CRISSEY,

the author of At the Drop of the Whip, which appears in this issue of the POST, passed his childhood on a farm near Stockton, Chautauqua County, New York. Here he attended the village school. How distinct and abiding were those childish impressions is shown by incidents attending the publication of a series of sketches called Confessions of a Country Boy on the editorial page of The Chicago Evening Post, on which paper he holds the position of special writer.

When thirteen years old he moved with his parents to Marengo, a small village in Illinois. He left school when in his teens and entered a country newspaper office. Since coming to Chicago he has done almost every kind of work connected with a newspaper.

AUNT TEMPY'S TRIUMPH

Stories of Old Plantation Days

— By Paul Laurence Dunbar —

With Drawings by B. Martin Justice

IT WAS in the glow of an April evening when Aunt Tempy came out on the veranda to hold a conference with her master, Stuart Mordaunt. She had evidently been turning things over in her mind.

For months there had been talk on the plantation, but nobody knew the inside of what was going on quite so well as she, for was she not Miss Eliza's mammy? Had she not cared for her every day of her life, from her birth until now, and was she not still her own child, her "Lammy"?

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Indeed, at first she had entirely opposed the marriage of her young mistress to anybody, and had discouraged the attentions of young Stone Daniels when she thought he was "spa'kin' roun'"; but when Miss Eliza laid her head on her breast and blushingly told her all about it she surrendered. And the young mistress seemed as happy over mammy's consent as she had been over her father's blessing. Mammy knew all the traditions of the section, and the histories of all the families thereabouts, and for her to set the seal of approval upon young Daniels was the final glory.

The preparations for the great wedding had gone on merrily. There was only a little time now before the auspicious day. Aunt Tempy, chief authority and owner in general, had been as busily engaged as any one. As the time had come nearer and nearer, though, her trouble had visibly increased, and it was the culmination of it which brought her hobbling out to chat with her master on that April evening. It must have been Maid Doshy that told her about the beautiful ceremony of giving away the bride, and described to her what a figure "Ol' Mas'" would make on the occasion, but it rankled in her mind, and she had thoughts of her own on the subject.

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"Look hyeah, Mas' Stua't," she said, as she settled down on the veranda step at his feet; "I done come out hyeah to 'spute wid you."

"Well, Aunt Tempy," said Mordaunt placidly, "it won't be the first time; you've been doing that for many years. The fact is, half the time I don't know who's running this plantation, you or I. You boss the whole household round, and "the quarters" mind you better than they do the preacher. Plague take my buttons if I don't think they're afraid you'll conjure them!"

"Conju'! Who conju'! Me conju'? Wha's de mattah wid you, Mas' Stua't? You know I ain't long-haided. Ef I had 'a' been, you know I'd 'a' wo'ked my roots long 'fo' now on ol' Lishy, w'en he tuk up wid dat No'ton woman." This had happened twenty-five years before, but Stuart Mordaunt knew that it was still a sore subject with the old woman,—this desertion by her husband,—so he did not pursue the unpleasant matter any further.

"Well, what are you going to ''spute' with me about, Tempy? Ain't I running the plantation right? Or ain't your mistress behaving herself as she ought to?"

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"I do wish you'd let me talk; you des' keep a-jokin' an' a runnin' on so dat a body cain't git in a wo'd nigeways."

"Well, go on."

"Now you know dat Miss 'Liza gwine ma'y?"

"Yes, she has told me about it, though I suppose she asked your consent first."

"Nemmine dat, nemmine dat, you hyeah me. Miss 'Liza gwine ma'y."

"Yes, unless young Daniels runs off, or sees a girl he likes better."

"Sees a gal he lak' bettah! Run off! Wha's de mattah wid you?"

The master laughed cheerily, and the old woman went on.

"Now, we all's gwineter gin huh a big weddin', des' lak my baby oughter have."

"Of course, what else do you expect? You don't suppose I'm going to have her jump over the broom with him, do you?"

"Now, you listen to me: we're gwineter have all de doin's dat go 'long wid a weddin', ain't we?"

Stuart Mordaunt struck his fist on the arm of his chair and said:

"We're going to have all that the greatness of the occasion demands when a Mordaunt marries."

"Da's right, da's right. She gwineter have de o'ange wreaf an' de ring?"

"That's part of it."

"An' she gwineter be gin' erway in right style?" asked Aunt Tempy anxiously.

"To be sure."

Aunt Tempy turned her sharp black eyes on her master and shot forth her next question with sudden force and abruptness.

"Now, whut I wanter know, who gwinter gin huh erway?"

Stuart Mordaunt straightened himself up in his chair with a motion of sudden surprise and exclaimed:

"Why, Tempy, what the—what do you mean?"

"I mean des' whut I say, da's whut I mean. I wanter know who gwineter giv my Miss 'Liza erway?"

"Who should give her away?"

The old woman folded her hands calmly across her neckerchief and made answer: "Da's des' de questun."

"Why, I'm going to give my daughter away, of course."

"You gwineter gin yo' darter erway, huh, is you?" Aunt Tempy questioned slowly.

The tone was so full of contempt that her master turned a surprised look upon her face. She got up, put her hands behind her in an attitude of defiance, and stood there looking at him, as he sat viciously biting the end of his cigar.

"You 'lows to gin huh erway, does you?"

"Why, Tempy, what the—who should give her away?"

"You 'lows to gin huh erway, I say?"

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"Most assuredly I do," he answered angrily.

The old woman moved up a step higher on the porch and asked in an intense voice:

"Whut business you got givin' my chile erway? Huccome you got de right to gin Miss 'Liza to anybody?"

"Why—why—Tempy!"

"Who is you?" exclaimed Tempy. "Who raise up dat chile? Who nuss huh th'oo de colic w'en she cried all night, an' she was so peak'd you didn't know w'en you gwine lay huh erway? huh? Who do dat? Who raise you up, an' tek keer o' you, w'en yo' ol' mammy die, an' you wa'n't able even to keep erway f'om de bee-trees? huh? Who do dat? You gin huh erway! You gin huh erway! Da's my chile, Mas' Stua't Mo'de'nt, an' ef anybody gin huh erway at de weddin', d' ain't nobody gwine do it but ol' Tempy huhse'f. You hyeah me?"

"But, Tempy, Tempy!" said the master, "that wouldn't be proper. You can't give your young mistress away."

"P'opah er whut not, I de only one whut got de right, an' I see 'bout dat!"

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Mordaunt forgot that he was talking to a servant, and sprang to his feet.

"See about it! See about it!" he cried, "I'll let you know that I can give my own daughter away when she marries. You must think you own this whole plantation, and all the white folks and niggers on it."

Aunt Tempy came up on the porch and curtsied to her master.

"Nemmine, Mas' Stua't," she said; "nemmine." Her eyes were full of tears, and her voice was trembling. "Hit all right, hit all right. I 'longs to you, but Miss 'Liza, she my chile." Her voice rose again in a defiant ring, and lost its pathos as she exclaimed, "I show you who got de right to gin my chile erway!" And shaking her turbaned head, she went back into the house mumbling to herself.

"Well!" said Stuart Mordaunt. "I'll be blessed!" He might have used a stronger term, but just then the black-coated figure of the rector came round the corner of the veranda.

"How are you, how are you, sir!" said the Rev. Mr. Davis jocosely. "Are you the man who owns this plantation?"

Mordaunt hurled his cigar down the path, and replied grimly:

"I don't know; I used to think so."

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Meanwhile Aunt Tempy had gone into the house to tell her troubles to her young mistress. She and her Miss Eliza were mutually the bearers of each other's burdens on all occasions. She told her story, and laid her case before the bride-to-be.

"Now you know, baby," she said, "ef anybody got de right to gin you erway, 'tain't nobody but me."

"Yes, yes, mammy," said the young woman consolingly; "they sha'n't slight you, that they sha'n't."

"No, indeed; I don't 'tend to be slighted."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mammy," said Miss Eliza; "even if you can't give me away, you'll be where Doshy and Dinah and none of the rest can be."

"Whah dat, chile?"

"Why, before the ceremony I'll hide you under the portières right back of where we're going to stand in the drawing-room."

"An' I cain't gin you erway, baby?" said the old woman sadly.

"We'll see about that, mammy; you know nobody ever knows what's going to happen."

The girl was comforting the old woman's distresses as mammy in the years gone by had quieted her childish fears. It was a putting off until to-morrow of the evils that seemed present to-day.

Aunt Tempy went away seemingly satisfied, but she thought deeply, and later she visited old Brother Parker, who used to be a servant in a preacher's family, and they talked long and earnestly together one whole evening.

Doshy saw them as they separated, and cried in derision:

"Look hyeah, Aunt Tempy, whut you an' ol' Brothah Parkah codgin' erbout so long? 'Spec' fus' thing we knows we be gittin' slippahs an' wreafs fu you', an' you'll be follerin' Miss 'Liza's 'zample!"

"Huh-uh, chile," Aunt Tempy answered, "I ain't thinkin' nothin' 'bout ma'in', case I's ol', but la, chile, I ain't ol' in de haid, too!"

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The preparations for the wedding were completed, and the time arrived. All the élite of the surrounding country were present. Mammy was allowed to put the last touches, insignificant though they were, to the bride's costume. She wept copiously over her child, but with not so much absorption as not to be alert when Miss Eliza took her down and slipped her behind the heavy portières.

"I does! Dat's who! I gins my baby erway!"

The organ pealed its march; the ceremony began and proceeded. The responses of the groom were strong, and those of the bride timid, but decisive and clear. Above all rose the resonant voice of the rector. Stuart Mordaunt had gathered himself together and straightened his shoulders and stepped forward at the words, "Who giveth this woman?" when suddenly the portières behind the bridal party were thrown asunder, and the ample form of Aunt Tempy appeared. The whole assemblage was thunderstruck. The minister paused, Mordaunt stood transfixed; a hush fell upon all of them, which was broken by the old woman's stentorian voice crying!

"I does! Dat's who! I gins my baby erway!"

For an instant no one spoke; some of the older ladies wiped tears from their eyes, and Stuart Mordaunt bowed and resumed his place beside his daughter. The clergyman took up the ceremony where he had left off, and the marriage was finished without any further interruption.

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When it was all over, neither the father, the mother, the proud groom nor the blushing bride had one word of reproach for mammy, for no one doubted that her giving away and her blessing were as effectual and fervent as those of the nearest relative could have been.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, Aunt Tempy's Triumph, is the first of a series of sketches of Old Plantation Days, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, the representative writer of the colored race. Among the stories in this series are **Aunt Tempy's Triumph** and **Dizzy-Headed Dick.**

By STANLEY WATERLOO

THE river,—it was not a great river,—extended backward from the great lake into the flat country. It did not run backward, of course, for a river runs the other way. Where, somewhere between the quarter to a half mile from the shore of Lake Michigan, it spread itself into a fork, one half to the south and the other half to the north, making a letter "Y," which "Y" is now a maritime way, dividing the city of Chicago into North, South and West Sides.

Not very far to the south there entered into the lake a river called the Calumet, running parallel to it, deeper and broader and better as to depth and extent, because it ran into a vast area of swamp lands and marshes. Both rivers are now within the limits of the city of Chicago.

The accident of time and history made the young Republic called the United States of America build a fort over upon the south side of the Chicago River, a few hundred feet from the lake. The river curved about the fort, and entered the lake blocks south of where its present outlet is. It was good for the fort to stand upon a point with water upon two sides; but many years ago the way was ripped across through shallows, and the river goes straight from where this fort was to the lake. Commerce demanded that.

This is talking about 1812, or thereabouts, and the time when war was on and there was an Indian uprising, and Chicago went to the Indians, only to be regained.

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WHEN THE INDIANS VACATED CHICAGO

In 1836 or 1837 things were changed. The iron hand of the Anglo-Saxon had gripped the red man by the throat and thrust him back far toward the Pacific Ocean; and white men, reaching the place in various ways, were trying to make a town about the mouth of the Chicago River.

They succeeded at first only tolerably, but, after all, very well in an idyllic sort of way. They came driving over from New York and New England,—good blood of wilderness invaders,—with good old rifles and shot guns. There were lank, strong men and red-cheeked girls, and they all had a great bent for trading. Where do you get better seeding than that for a community and the subjugation of a wilderness?

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THE GARDEN CITY

This is how Chicago grew after the first rough climacteric. We'll call it 1846. Between the past and 1846 had been done much gardening and great trading. What is now called Clark Street, which to-day runs north and south, parallel with Lake Michigan, and crossing the river, was a few hundred yards west of the fort, and along it, upon either side north of the river, simple but comfortable houses had been built for the invaders from the East.

Their homes were wooden, they were set away back from the street, and were made with clapboards and shingles. They were very fine in their way. Each had its garden in front. Hollyhocks bended over the plain roadway, and, between the road and the house on either side, up the path which led to the doorway, were, in springtime or in early summer, a lot of flowers in their regular order. There were the larkspurs, and the old-fashioned pinks, and phlox, and a lot of other flowers, and around each house, close to where it ran into the ground, were "bouncing betties," and four o'clocks, and other flowers which cling to the base of things. That's what the women did on North Clark Street.

The men were trading, and trading sharply and vigorously, toward making the city of the future; but the women were unconsciously doing more. That long stretch of fair gardens along the roadway reaching north on the prairies was the cause which eventually gave to the city its name of "The Garden City." It affected even the future city's seal.

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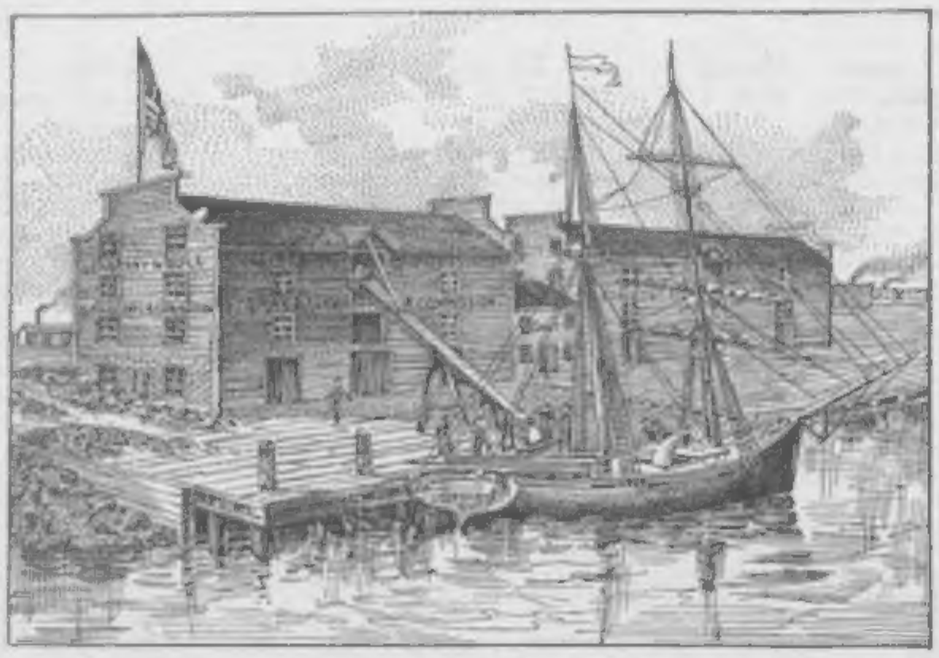
REACHING THE DIGNITY OF A SEAL

The seal was adopted in 1837, and it is something to interest. There is a babe about to rise from a sea shell. That is the new young giant of the heart of the country, who is presently going to show himself. There is an Indian on the left, who must disappear, and there is a vessel on the right, tumbling in over Lake Michigan, and that is intended to mean contact with a more civilized world to the eastward. In the middle hangs a shield, all American, with a sheaf in its centre promising the enormous harvest which has since been justified. Beneath, "Urbs in Horto," appears the motto. That came from the North Clark Street hollyhocks and other flowers. Who knows what conferences of good, thoughtful, risking men there were when that shield was made? It is, indeed, a queer old shield, but just let any one suggest to the Chicagoan that there is anything the matter with it!

And the boats came. They had come before, for some years, but in an irregular sort of a way; but they came now,—because we are getting into the later '40's and '50's,—and came more regularly, some among them more constantly. The wobbling steamers, which brought what was then vast stores from the East,—which meant Buffalo, or thereabouts,—must have been a delight to the eyes of many ambitious pioneers.



THE FIRST SHIPLOAD OF GRAIN LEAVING CHICAGO

"They would come in," says a man now eighty-three years of age, "anyway. They were all side-wheelers, and, as they wallowed round to make the river, sometimes the wheel on one side would hit the water, and sometimes it wouldn't, but somehow they kind o' sloughed in and made the landing. We had good times in the later '40's."

In the later '40's in Chicago were men living now and strong and earnest, and doing things. Take Jonathan Periam, great man he, prominent man still in the councils of the West. He had a bulldog with qualities doubtless now somewhat exaggerated because of the glamour of time and idealization, but he and that bulldog killed wolves within the city's present limits. He shot deer, too, and turkey and grouse; but all that was before the waves of the '50's, when the lake craft brought more people, and what was little more than a village thrust itself southward and demanded its rights as a town at the head of all things. Chicago, even in its trundle-bed, was impertinent in its demanding.

SAM RAYMOND DAVE OLMSTED CHARLES PENNO GR. THOMPSON CHARLES JENNINGS

CHICAGO'S ORIGINAL "FIRE BRIGADE"
ORGANIZED BY INSURANCE COMPANIES AS A SALVAGE CORPS
THE PIONEER OF THE PRESENT FIRE PATROL SYSTEM

PUBLISHED BY THE COURTESY OF CHARLES E. JENNINGS

The group of white men had but traded and traded up to the time when the later '40's brought them the influx of their brethren. They blended and began to put on airs. The fort stood by the river's mouth. That afforded a sort of society, but it was an old story now. The schooners came in and wobbled over the bar, and that meant more people.

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SOCIETY IN OX-CART DAYS

Before this, all up along North Clark Street where the flower gardens were, the young men and women, and the young men and women who had homes upon the South Side, had met and loved and married, and so there was a little community with a core. That is the core of the Chicago of to-day,—one means the social core. It's not so long a leap, after all, from twenty thousand to two million. Any one can multiply twenty thousand by one hundred.

There were festivities, but it is hard to tell where the old ways ended and the new began. For instance, a gentle, white-faced old lady of eighty says: "We all went out together,—in ox-carts, some of us,—to see a man hanged out on the prairie. There was some sort of scaffolding which stood up clear against the sky, and we saw the man go up there, with the other people about him. We could not endure it, and most of us went away before he was hung. I hope and know I will never see anything of the sort again."

There was much dancing in the earlier '40's, because there was not much of anything else to do in the long winters, and good blood danced in the veins of the young people. Now, too, they were putting on airs about equipages. Toward the end of the '40's, with twenty thousand people or more, the ox-cart had practically disappeared. And beautiful snow-besprinkled Phyllis never heard the "gee," or "haw," as she was driven on her way to a South Side ballroom.

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THE PLANK METROPOLIS

The South Side had become by this time the centre of all commerce and all industry. It was a haughty metropolis! Proud plank sidewalks ran east and west for three or four blocks from the river, and other sidewalks as proud crossed them at right angles, and ran south as far as Madison Street. The fact that these sidewalks ducked up and down in an astonishing degree had nothing to do with their dignity. One man's building grade had nothing to do with another man's grade. The group of buildings was beginning to be distinctly a town. It was a town the inhabitants of which were, so far as the men were concerned, the most daring, leaping and enduring of the strong Eastern spawn. It is difficult to tell about it, but somehow it must be understood that so sparse were the gleanings in sight for the Easterner who sought the village on the Chicago River, that he must be a bold creature and a thinking man who deliberately directed his course westward into that little town fray. So came the stuff that made things then.

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THE PRIDE OF THE CHICAGOAN IN 1848

In 1848 the Illinois and Michigan Canal was completed, and then, half a century ago, a Chicagoan was a good thing to look upon. His back bent in and his chest bent out as he strode up steps and down steps in the intervals of his three-plank sidewalks. He owned the earth, and he knew it. Was he not established at the head of the great waterway system of rivers and huge lakes, extending into the heart of the continent?

Had he not now another waterway, an artificial one, tapping the teeming prairies, and eventually the Mississippi, the other great waterway cutting the continent sheer across from north to south! Who else with such prospects as his? Had not he and his comrades settled down and seized upon the hub of the northern half of the hemisphere, each outstanding spoke of the wheel, present and promised, but a highway to bring prosperity to him and to his fellows? The habit he formed then he has continued. It is ancestral blood.

There flung off from the Argonauts, in 1848, a little group who hadn't rootlets enough. Among the most resolute and daring, they were not of the more patient sort, and so they bolted away to the newly discovered gold fields of California. These were among the 'Forty-niners of the Pacific Slope. Of all that army who took their lives in their hands, and dug for gold, few

were greater forces or more successful. They came back, some of them, to their first love in pioneering, and when they have died, or die now, their obituaries in the newspapers have been, or are, a column long.

Now Chicago traded with the Northwest, and shipped wheat and other products to the East, and it had a little railroad,—the Chicago and Galena Union,—and more bridges were made across the river. Business was good, and the town was growing. Furthermore, the town began to put on airs, more or less moderate, in the social way. The ox-carts had practically disappeared as adjuncts of social functions, and there were buggies and family carryalls.

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CHICAGO'S FIRST LIVERIED COACHMEN

There was one fearful and startling leap ahead beyond the manner of even these fine conveyances. One man, who had made much money and who had a family, went to England upon some trading business, and in London, and to a less extent in New York, saw carriages with liveried drivers, and even footmen to attend them.

He had the money, and soon decided that nothing in the world was too good for him or for his family. He bought a carriage, and it was shipped to Chicago. Fine horses were easily obtainable, and there remained only a coachman to be secured. It was weeks before, in all Chicago, he could find a man who would consent to wear livery.

He found him at last in a reckless Irishman out of work, but here again trouble came; for the Irishman, while consenting to appear in livery, absolutely refused to sit up in a dignified manner and fold his arms whenever his master, who was somewhat of a horseman, should take the whim for driving personally. The end of it all was, that a coachman more accommodating was imported from what Chicago, even in the later '40's, called the effete and purse-proud East.

They must have had good dinners in the last years of the '40's, since the material for good dinners was easily at hand. Never at the doorway of town before was greater store of fish and game. Even in the Chicago River, pure yet, though its waves were stirred by incoming vessels, were perch and pickerel, and the glorious black bass. The lake was teeming with whitefish and trout. And in the Calumet, with its little marsh lakes, a score of toothsome fishes could be caught.

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HOW NATURE LOADED THE DINNER-TABLE

As for game, the sky was darkened with the vast flights of wild pigeons in spring and autumn. The waters of the Calumet swamp lands were blackened by the hosts of water-fowls, canvas-back, teal and mallard, and all the other ducks. Woodcock and snipe in myriads inhabited all the lowlands. There were wild turkeys in the adjacent forests. In every copse drummed the ruffed grouse,—the partridge of the North, the pheasant of the South. Quail whistled all about, and the prairies were but vast breeding grounds for the pinnated grouse,—the delectable prairie chicken of the West.

One cold morning in early winter Jonathan Perriam left a bait of corn for the chickens out in a cornfield, and fixed a net above it. He hid in a corn shock, and waited until the birds came, eager for their food. When he sprang his net he secured 106 birds, each one a cock, for the stronger had driven the weaker from the feeding.

There were deer in the woods, and venison was cheap. Eh! but they must have lived well in Chicago at that time, for they had the staples, and the boats thrashing around from Buffalo brought them many delicacies and condiments from the East.

They had their troubles, too, the Chicagoans of the later '40's. In 1848 the cholera swept down and slew its share of people. In 1849 came the great flood, when the waters of the Des Plaines rose above the Continental Ridge and backed over to join those of the Chicago River. Boats and bridges were carried away and crushed, and commerce was beaten back to something like a standstill. The cholera had not departed, and people were dying. But this was all in the way of discipline.

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PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF WOOD

The city, first in 1850, put in gas, and some of the streets were planked. And the next year they started to build a city and county court-house. They had had one, long before, of wood, with a Grecian portico, which was a delight to the eye of the backwoodsman, but it wearied of living solidly, and later, Ike Cook, who was sheriff of the city, collected taxes in an adjacent shanty. Never were more adaptable public officials than those of the early days.

Socially now the place began to have its groups. The requirement for an "old family" is but relative, and the old families then seem to have been as dignified and as exclusive in their way as are their present children, or, to speak more definitely, their great grandchildren, who are of the present. Already shopping was often done from carriages, and ladies still living have a lively recollection of the driver's difficulty in "backing up" in the deep soil of Clark Street to reach the sidewalks. There were pretty girls in those days, and as for the men, there were many stalwart and handsome among them, though evening dress as yet consisted but of the best suit a man owned, regardless of its material or style of cut.

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WHEN PATTI SANG ON A HOTEL TABLE

A little later Patti was brought to the town, and, dressed in short skirts and "pantelettes," with her hair hanging down her back in two smooth black braids, stood upon a table in the big room of the principal hotel and sang. The smart people of early Chicago had many an evening of quiet pleasure in the old hotel dining-room, and there were recitations and concerts galore. Performing "families" came, and were only excelled by their audience in enthusiastic attempts to raise the roof of the hostelry. It was a great place for dancing, too, in those early days.

OLD COURT-HOUSE
FROM ROOF OF WHICH VIEW BELOW IS TAKEN

PUBLISHED BY THE COURTESY OF CHARLES E. JENNINGS

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EXCITEMENT WHEN THE INDIANS CAME

As regular events, the arrival of a steamer, or, at greater intervals, of the Pottawattamies to receive their regular stipend from the Government, were never without interest. The romance of Indian life was worn off with the elders, but something always happened when the Indians came. A memorial slab of marble is now let into the side of the big commercial house which stands where the old fort was, and some of the timbers of the old fort itself are stored away for safe keeping in a loft on State Street.

Business was changing; the country to the southeast, as well as to the north and west, was "opening up" more and more, and a stream of laden wagons went back and forth along the old Vincennes road, what is now partly Cottage Grove Avenue and partly Wentworth Avenue, which started south from the town's centre, swung westward to the Calumet marshes, and terminated at Vincennes, Indiana.

Often in a storm, at this time, the lake flung its spray against the windows of the few houses on Michigan Avenue, though now its shores are far away, because of the land made by the *débris* of a burned city. Things were getting solidified. Almost exactly fifty years ago began the crystallization of Chicago,—began its metamorphosis from a frontier village to a town, with the evident germ of the sort of life which is characteristic of this huge city and none other.

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WHEN FOUNDERS MEET

There is still a reunion every year of the Chicago pioneers of fifty years ago. And, throughout all the round world, there gathers annually no more clean-cut and better little group of men and women. Some of the men are millionaires, some have failed in that sort of doing which gets dollars together, but when they meet in this yearly gathering they meet on an even plane. They are fewer and fewer each year, but the relationship is the same. And almost always they dance together in the old-fashioned way. The men,—these millionaires or non-millionaires,—are mostly spare and clear-faced, and strong-eyed in old age; the women are slender, pale-faced and gentle. Looking at almost any one of them, you would think of Priscilla of the Puritans.

CHICAGO FROM VIEWPOINT OF ROOF OF OLD COURT-HOUSE, LOOKING WESTWARD

From Photograph by William Shaw, taken before the Civil War. Published by the courtesy of Charles E. Jennings

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The Kingship of Self-Control

MAN has two creators,—his God and himself. His first creator furnishes him the raw material of his life and the laws in conformity with which he can make that life what he will. His second creator,—himself,—has marvelous powers he rarely realizes. It is what a man makes of himself that counts.

When a man fails in life he usually says, "I am as God made me." When he succeeds he proudly proclaims himself a "self-made man." Man is placed into this world not as a finality,—but as a possibility. Man's greatest enemy is,—himself. Man in his weakness is the creature of circumstances; man in his strength is the creator of circumstances. Whether he be victim or victor depends largely on himself.

Man is never truly great merely for what he *is*, but ever for what he may become. Until man is truly filled with the knowledge of the majesty of his possibility, until there comes to him the glow of realization of his privilege to live the life committed to him, as an individual life for which he is individually responsible, he is merely groping through the years.

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To see his life as he might make it, man must go up alone into the mountains of spiritual thought as Christ went alone into the Garden, leaving the world to get strength to live in the world. He must there breathe the fresh, pure air of recognition of his divine importance as an individual, and with mind purified and tingling with new strength approach the problems of his daily living.

Man needs less of the "I am a feeble worm of the dust" idea in his theology, and more of the conception "I am a great human soul with marvelous possibilities" as a vital element in his daily, working religion. With this broadening, stimulating view of life, he sees how he may attain his kingship through self-control. And the self-control that is seen in the most spectacular instances in history, and in the simplest phases of daily life is precisely the same in kind and quality, differing only in degree. This control man can attain, if he will; it is but a matter of paying the price.

The power of self-control is one of the great qualities that differentiates man from the lower animals. He is the only animal capable of a moral struggle or a moral conquest.

Every step in the progress of the world has been a new "control." It has been escaping from the tyranny of a fact, to the understanding and mastery of that fact. For ages man looked in terror at the lightning flash; to-day he has begun to understand it as electricity, a force he has mastered and made his slave. The million phases of electrical invention are but manifestations of our control over a great force. But the greatest of all "control" is self-control.

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At each moment of man's life he is either a King or a slave. As he surrenders to a wrong appetite, to any human weakness, as he falls prostrate in hopeless subjection to any condition, to any environment, to any failure, he is a slave. As he day by day crushes out human weakness, masters opposing elements within him, and day by day re-creates a new self from the sin and folly of his past,—then he is a King. He is a King ruling with wisdom over himself. Alexander conquered the whole world except,—Alexander. Emperor of the earth, he was the servile slave of his own passions.

We look with envy upon the possessions of others and wish they were our own. Ofttimes we feel this in a vague, dreamy way with no thought of real attainment, as when we wish we had Queen Victoria's crown, or Emperor William's self-satisfaction. Ofttimes, however, we grow bitter, storm at the wrong distribution of the good things of life, and then relapse into a hopeless fatalistic acceptance of our condition.

We envy the success of others, when we should emulate the process by which that success came. We see the splendid physical development of Sandow, yet we forget that as a babe and child he was so weak there was little hope that his life might be spared.

We may sometimes envy the power and spiritual strength of a Paul, without realizing the weak Saul of Tarsus from which he was transformed through his self-control.

We shut our eyes to the thousands of instances of the world's successes,—mental, moral, physical, financial or spiritual,—wherein the great final success came from a beginning far weaker and poorer than our own.

All men may attain self-control if they only will. They must not expect to gain it save by long, continued payment of price, in small progressive expenditures of energy. Nature is a thorough believer in the installment plan in her relations with the individual. No man is so poor that he cannot *begin* to pay for what he wants, and every small, individual payment Nature stores and accumulates for him as a reserve fund in his hour of need.

The patience man expends in bearing the little trials of his daily life Nature stores for him as a wondrous reserve in a crisis of life. With Nature, the mental, the physical or the moral energy he expends daily in right-doing is all stored for him and transmuted into strength. Nature never accepts a cash payment in full for anything,—this would be an injustice to the poor and the weak.

It is only the progressive, installment plan Nature recognizes. No man can make a habit in a moment or break it in a moment. It is a matter of development, of growth. But at any moment man may *begin* to make or begin to break any habit. This view of the growth of character should be a mighty stimulus to the man who sincerely desires and determines to live nearer to the limit of his possibilities.

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Self-control may be developed in precisely the same manner as we tone up a weak muscle,—by little exercises day by day. Let us each day do, as mere exercises of discipline in moral gymnastics, a few acts that are disagreeable to us, the doing of which will help us in instant action in our hour of need. The exercises may be very simple,—dropping for a time an intensely interesting book at the most thrilling page of the story, jumping out of bed at the first moment of waking, walking home when one is perfectly able to do so, but when the temptation is to take a car, talking to some disagreeable person and trying to make the conversation pleasant. These daily exercises in moral discipline will have a wondrous tonic effect on man's whole moral nature.

The individual can attain self-control in great things only through self-control in little things. He must study himself to discover what is the weak point in his armor, what is the element within him that keeps him from his fullest success. This is the characteristic upon which he should begin his exercise in self-control. Is it selfishness, vanity, cowardice, morbidness, temper, laziness, worry, mind-wandering, lack of purpose?—whatever form human weakness assumes in the masquerade of life he must discover. He must then live each day as if his whole existence were telescoped down to the single day before him. With no useless regret for the past, no useless worry for the future, he should live that day as if it were his only day,—the only day left for him to assert all that is best in him, the only day left for him to conquer all that is worst in him. He should master the weak element within him at each slight manifestation from moment to moment. Each moment then must be a victory for it or for him. Will he be King or slave?—the answer rests with him.

—THE EDITOR.

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Poetry with Deep Human Interest

THE newspaper makers of this country have discovered within the past decade that the most valuable class of matter which they can print is that possessing human interest; when the writers and publishers of poetry shall finally realize the truth which the newspaper makers have so profitably utilized a poetical revival may be confidently looked for.

"We are a busy people, with no time for poetry." "It is impossible to mix sentiment with business." "We live in a practical age." Yes, to be sure; but when Kipling sends us the Recessional we manage to find time to open our hearts and souls to the solemn splendor of his music.

And then, we are not all business men. Some of us pursue the dollar, not for the dollar's sake, but that we may hasten to cast it before the bookseller, the fiction-maker, the ticket-seller at the Opera House, and receive in exchange one or another manifestation of that beauty which seems to us the supreme gift of life.

Others of us dwell in the country, where the business of existence is not so complicated nor engrossing. We see with appreciating eyes the sweep of the fields, the shifting pictures of the sky,—and the significance of the seasons is not measured to us by the variations of a thermometer. Here is still the home with its healthy daily toil, its quiet evenings of rest and recreation, its time and heart and inspiration for poetry. Poetry is not dead; the poets are in leash.

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Browning, Whitman, Swinburne and their kind must bear the primary responsibility for this condition. They were the apostles of the obscure cult,—the men of fine thoughts and glorious visions, who gave most of their messages to humanity in an unknown tongue. A few, the elect, saw the glimmering beauty of the conception, and so were tolerant of the veil of words; but the majority of writers and publishers of verse concluded that the inspiration was in the veil, and the era of the puzzle poem was upon us.

The influence thus inspired weighs heavily upon poetry to-day. Oddity is made a substitute for originality; suggestion is so diluted that it ceases to suggest; vagueness is reduced to nothingness. And when one who has the patience to search for the meaning in the mesh of words is fortunate enough to succeed, his sole reward is a hoary platitude.

The tongue-tied orator might enjoy a certain vogue among the small contingent whose chief purpose in life is to satisfy a morbid craving for the unusual, but he could scarcely hope to obtain what the politicians would call a wide hearing. Beauty, whether in words, sounds or colors, must be obvious to thrill. It must speak to the heart rather than to the head,—to the heart first, at any rate. The process of analysis,—the intellectual search for a motive,—is preventive of the emotion which it is the province of real poetry to inspire.

Simple poetry is not all great, but all great poetry is simple.

—FRED NYE.

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The Need for New Markets for America

ALL the important problems which threaten to involve the nations of the world in war have their origin in the belief that the great manufacturing countries,—the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia,—must find new markets for their surplus products.

In one form or another this idea finds expression in proposals for the annexation of the Philippines, the opening up of China or the partition of Africa. And there is a general agreement that the basis of modern international politics is an economic fact: the increase in the productive capacity of the civilized nations beyond their ability to consume what they produce, and the consequent urgent need of wider outlets for the advantageous sale of their products.

At first sight it would appear that this view of conditions in the industrial world is correct. There is an apparent over-production of wealth,—grain, meat, cotton, wool, and all kinds of manufactured articles. Warehouses are filled to overflowing with goods; mills and factories are shut down or running on half time, and in all countries can be heard a universal complaint of idle workers because of the inability of employers to dispose of their goods. So far the facts would seem to support the demand for additional markets.

Yet on closer examination it can readily be seen that the alleged "over-production" which leads the manufacturing nations to thrust their wares upon other countries, with the aid of Maxim guns and the bayonet, is as much a delusion as was the "divine right of Kings," or the "balance of power" over which wars have been waged in the past. In reality there is no such thing as "over-production." The economic conditions usually described by that term are actually those of "under-consumption."

As a matter of fact, no intelligent person really believes in the "over-production" theory. Consider for a moment what that theory involves! Here in the United States are many idle woolen mills. These mills are idle because there is said to be no demand for their products. But is that the true explanation? Have all of the seventy million Americans as much good, warm clothing, blankets, etc., as they need? Assuredly not. There is an urgent demand for more, vastly more, of these articles.

Why, then, do not the people who are sorely in need of these things buy them? The answer is simple. Either the people who want more and better clothing cannot find employment to earn the means to purchase it, or, obtaining work, find that so small a proportion of the wealth they create is returned to them in the form of wages that they cannot buy back as much wealth as they produce.

The true remedy for this seeming over-production is the abolishment of the monopoly laws which prevent men from getting employment, or which rob them of the fruits of their labor. This done, it will be found that there is an unlimited market for our products here at home, and that there will be no need for foreign conquests in order to sell our goods.

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This does not mean that it will not be more profitable to obtain some kinds of articles, such as tea or silk, from other countries, by exchanging for them goods which the people of those countries want. This is natural international trade, and is, in essence, nowise different from the trade between Florida and Maine. But the attempt to open up markets, where our goods will be bought by people who will not send us other goods in exchange, is based on the ridiculous fallacy that it is profitable for a country to export more wealth than it receives. Such a country would be in the position of a farmer who boasted that the value of the products which he sold was greater than that of the goods he received in exchange for them.

With millions of Americans, Englishmen and Germans clamoring for more and better clothing, food, and all other necessities and comforts, it is nonsense to talk of there being an over-production of food, clothes, building materials, etc., in America, Great Britain or Germany. The real problem for the statesmanship of to-day is not "Where can we find foreign markets?" but "How can we establish a wise and just system of wealth-production and distribution under which the surplus stocks of goods can be enjoyed by the people who produce them?"

—WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

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Our Nation Must Lead or Lose

THE late Lord Tennyson, the greatest of Victorian poets, a patriot in the best sense of the word, has said:

"He is the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native land the best."

We Americans, standing just now upon the threshold of a new era, and looking out and away over what seems to us a vast, novel and somewhat romantic region of experience, are hastily discussing probabilities. We are patriotic, no one can doubt that; we earnestly desire whatever will be best for our country. The temptation to be merely cosmopolitan has no great hold on our imagination; but we have recently gained a new point of view, which was historically inevitable, whence we must from now on regard our national duty.

Of course, in the sudden heat of debate we are saying things that would not be said in a cool moment. Some of us feel that the iron of opportunity must be hammered instantly and with a will. Others of us prudently shrink from a hasty step into an untried field. But there is undoubtedly a great duty, urgent, insistent, imperious, which will not permit us to daily, and the question is, What does patriotism demand? As between us and the peoples over whom we have set up our flag, which has the greater right? Take the Cubans, for example, and supposing that it shall appear to us that the future safety of our seventy millions of people is to be injuriously affected by Cuban independence, what must we do? The "greatest good to the greatest number" here sets itself over against that other republican maxim, "Government derives its just power from the consent of the governed." Practically the same question, with the same conflict, arises in the case of Porto Rico and of the Philippines.

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View it as we may, none of us can reasonably doubt that American isolation is rapidly passing away. The world is no longer an outside thing for us to contemplate in seclusion and at a distance. Our mere bulk and weight have a power that must interfere with conservatism in the cosmopolitan arrangement. There is an unexpressed yet irresistible demand for an open world, a demand with the growing needs, aspirations and ambitions of seventy millions of people behind it. Our trade and commerce are just beginning to bear against the old-established fences of European and Asiatic conservatism. One of two things we must do: demand and hold our full share of commercial influence and profit all over the earth, or let the other great nations take precedence, and crowd us into a position which at length must inevitably distress and possibly destroy us.

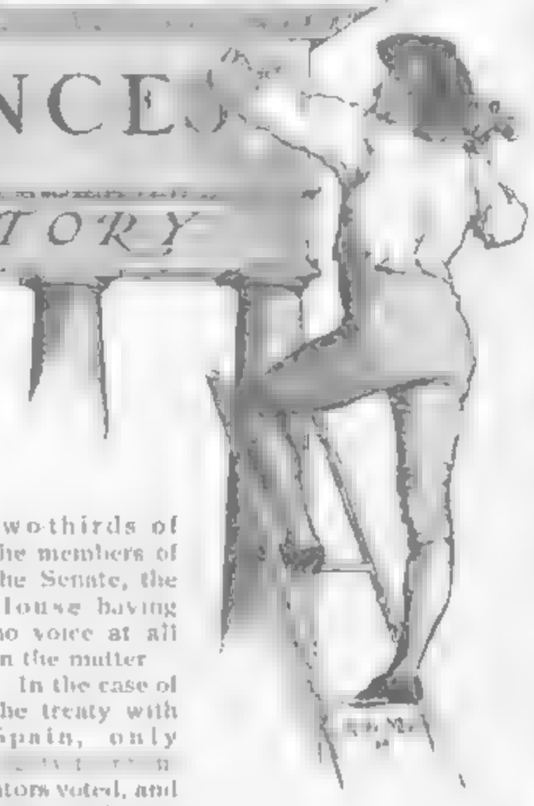
Viewed as a mere matter of sordid gain, the struggle for commercial importance may seem unworthy; but the life of a people depends upon this very question of commerce. We must sell where we can get our profits; we must buy in the cheapest markets; and even then the enormous growth of our population will soon enough press hard upon our resources. We cannot stand still; we cannot prevent the swelling tide of necessity from overflowing the rim of conservatism.

We cannot now have any adequate notion of what tremendous needs a few years will bring to us. What we do know is that we cannot too greatly broaden the foundation of our commercial and political influence; that we dare not shrink and falter. The race is on; the speed is increasing; we must lead or lose.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

That are Making HISTORY



Solving the Problem of National Expansion

From the day that President McKinley sent the peace treaty to the Senate for ratification a keener consideration was given to the terms affecting the future of the Philippines than to any other clause. Not only the two great political parties, but the strongest men in them became sharply divided on the policy of national expansion

While discussion was in progress in the Senate, the press, the pulpit, the commercial exchange, and action by our Commanders was restrained in recognition of the protocol and armistice, Aguinaldo proclaimed the Philippine Republic at Malolos, attempted to organize a Navy, sought recognition and alliance with Spain in payment for the release of Spanish prisoners in his hands, and, through Agoncillo, made persistent efforts to secure the recognition of the United States Government

On the eve of the decisive moment the insurgents precipitated a fight with the Americans, in which they were repulsed with large losses in killed, wounded and prisoners. It is doubtful if the attack influenced a single vote in the Senate, which was taken while the country was reading the details of the American success. The policy of expansion won, the vote for ratifying the treaty being fifty-seven to an opposing one of twenty seven, showing the necessary two-thirds vote with one to spare.

The President's Share in Demanding All the Philippines

The attempt of the President's opponents to show that he had pursued a vacillating policy with regard to the Philippine question was effectively settled when the correspondence between the State Department and the American Peace Commissioners was read at the executive session of the Senate.

This substantiated the early reported opinion of the President that the Island of Luzon only should be demanded. The claim for the entire group was the work of our Commissioners, without any inspiration from Washington, and was an unexpected result of a closer-range view of the situation.

The absolute necessity for possession of all the islands to insure the practical administration was thrust upon the Commissioners early in their negotiations, and they made the claim on the clear emergency of the moment, in which it seemed certain that possession of Luzon alone would lead to most serious complications.

Troubles with Canada Over Miners in the Northwest

At the moment when the output of gold from the Klondike and British Columbia raised Canada to the fifth place among gold-producing countries, the Legislature of British Columbia enacted a law that is certain to react to the disadvantage of her growing mining interests.

Designed primarily to exclude American miners from the Atlin country, the act really deprives Canadian miners, of whom there are several hundred working in Alaska, of the reciprocal privileges guaranteed by the new Alaska Homestead law of Congress.

Under the American Act, native born Canadians are accorded the same mining rights as are possessed by citizens of the United States, providing the laws of the Dominion and local provincial ones in British Columbia and the Northwest Territories accord similar rights to American miners

The new British Columbia law, therefore, will have an effect not intended; it will not only keep Americans out of the Atlin country, but will also keep Canadians out of Alaska, where, with all that has been done, gold-mining is still only in its infancy.

Not Paying the Cubans for Fighting for Their Own Freedom

The acceptance by General Gomez, Commander-in Chief of the Cuban Army, of President McKinley's offer of $3,000,000 for distribution among the Cuban soldiers on condition that he lent his influence to the task of reconstructing Cuba, put an abrupt end to the pleasant but empty dream of many Cubans that the United States Treasury might be looted in their behalf

The compact with General Gomez bears out the contentions of the Post ever since Toral's surrender, that the re-making of Cuba demanded the prompt disbanding of the Cuban Army; that this Government should not pay the Cuban soldiers for fighting for their own freedom; that a speedy return to industrial pursuits was a necessity; and that a practical method of aiding the people to get on their feet again was advisable.

Under the agreement, no part of the $3,000,000 is to be regarded as payment of salaries or wages for military services, either partially or wholly; but the entire amount of $3,000,000 must be viewed merely as a means of facilitating the disbanding of the Army, "as a relief of suffering, and as an aid in getting the people to work "

The Cuban Assembly had figured up a demand for $57,304,380, for the payment of 44,041 officers and men for four years' service at the respective rates of payment of officers and men in our Regular Army.

When the Filipinos Made Their Greatest Blunder

The Filipino attack on the American sentry line outside of Manila was a complete negation of Aguinaldo's pretensions of friendship. It was a deliberately planned act of hostility, which, because of the time, placed its authors and participants beyond the possibility of sympathy from any civilized source.

In a military sense it was a crime without any justification; in a political sense it was the greatest blunder the insurgents could have committed. The assertion of the Filipino Junta at Hong Kong that it was planned to influence votes on the ratification of the treaty in the American Senate showed a gross ignorance of the American character.

Beyond protecting American and foreign interests at Manila, the hands of our military and naval Commanders were tied by the peculiarities of the situation. From the day that Manila was occupied all efforts on our part were directed toward the avoidance of any hostile act.

Great credit is due to the judgment and coolness of our Commanders in restraining punitive action in the face of threats and unfriendly movements at Iloilo and elsewhere since the treaty was concluded. The terrible effects of the foolhardy assault on the American Army must be a convincing evidence that our soldiers and sailors are there for business, not recreation.

Where American Apples Sell for Twenty Cents Apiece

Mr. R. Osuga, a citizen of Tokio, who has been spending several months in the United States seeking to promote closer commercial relations between it and his native country, has thrown much light on actual conditions in Japan from which American business men may derive profit.

> We like Americans, and, other things being equal, would rather have business relations with them than with any people. If America had ships enough she could sell us most of our supply of cotton, for which we now depend on India
>
> "We are beginning to like your wheat, and the Pacific Coast ought to dispose of its surplus in Japan and China. We also prefer your machinery, and have been buying a great deal of it, especially for railroads. We like your apples so well that we sometimes pay twenty cents in Japanese coin for one of them."

He heartily commends President Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, for his plan for developing trade between the United States and the Orient, and regards the building up of an adequate American merchant marine on the Pacific Ocean as the prime necessity for the improved relations that are really awaiting a practical movement on our part.

Where the Cheapest of all Products is Man

Writing from China concerning the possibility of introducing there American wheelbarrows, dump carts, scrapers and similar articles, United States Consul General Goodnow says that labor saving devices are not in demand in that country.

The cheapest thing there is man, and there is more labor than can find employment The native wheelbarrow is more for carrying people than dirt or goods, and dirt is still carried by a coolie in two baskets hung on the end of a bamboo rod balanced on his shoulder

A coolie will work from sunrise to sunset carrying dirt in this manner for the equivalent of from seven to ten cents a day in American money, and deem himself fortunate in securing even this. Progressive ideas stand a poor chance under such conditions.

When Our Treaty Hung on the Vote of One Senator

The time spent by the United States Senate in arriving at a vote on the peace treaty, and the narrow margin by which ratification was secured, call attention to the anomalous requirements of voting for peace and war in the two Houses of Congress.

War may be declared by a majority vote of both Houses after a total of 447 legislators have had an opportunity to consider the gravity of the occasion; but peace can only be concluded with the acquiescence of two-thirds of the members of the Senate, the House having no voice at all in the matter

In the case of the treaty with Spain, only [illegible] senators voted, and fifty-six of these held the issues of the war in their hands and were the sole judges of what should be done as the most solemn act of nearly 75,000,000 people A single vote beyond the requisite two-thirds was a dangerously close verdict

The united action of both Houses might remove the possibility of most serious consequences following a failure to grant peace after the vanquished has sought it.

What a Month of Sanitary Work Accomplished in Havana

No stronger commentary could be made on the first results of the American administration of former Spanish possessions than the brief telegram from General Ludlow, Governor of the city of Havana, announcing that the death rate for January of this year was forty per cent. below that of the previous Januar

A glance at the report of the lamented Colonel Waring will show what this reduction really means At the time of his investigation he stated the normal death rate to be not far from fifty per thousand, and showed that the mortality in the single week ending October 6, 1898, was 536,—equal to an annual rate of almost 140 per 1000

General Ludlow's task of applying, as far as conditions would permit, the remedies suggested by Colonel Waring did not have a full month in which to reach the result he reported; yet that result showed a remarkable progress in the attack on "the accumulated filth of two centuries "

The thorough sanitation of streets and houses, cleaning of local points of infection, isolation of contagious cases, medicine and supplies for the sick and food for the starving are the simple remedies that General Ludlow so successfully applied.

Why New Jersey Is Favored by the Great Corporations

A noticeable feature of the present era of great syndicates and financial consolidations is the frequency with which organizers go to New Jersey to secure incorporation. The majority of the really great concerns organized in the last few years have been incorporated under the exceedingly favorable laws of New Jersey.

Last year alone over 1100 companies were there incorporated, with the enormous capitalization of $810,840,000. The tendency of New York concerns to go to New Jersey to secure a legal status has led to the imposition of onerous responsibilities on concerns which have been incorporated in New Jersey to carry on business in New York

In this respect, New Jersey is again a foreign country, but she continues to gather big fees for her certificates of incorporation.

European Admirals as Diplomats; American Generals as Sanitarians

At the late annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Salisbury, alluding to the work of the Admirals at Crete, said

> "I have sometimes thought that if the Cabinets were all dismissed and Admirals were installed in their places Europe would [illegible]

Quick and thorough as was the work of the diplomatic Admirals, it did not begin to compare with the task that our sanitarian Generals found before them at Santiago San Juan, Manila, and, worst of all, at Havana

Santiago was fortunate in having for its first American Governor a man who was both a General and a physician,—"Rough Rider" Wood, but neither Ludlow at Havana, Henry nor Brooke at San Juan, nor Merritt nor Otis at Manila were other than soldiers, yet all have really accomplished wonders as sanitarians

General Ludlow has at Havana a task that would dishearten many an expert. "The Spaniards," he writes, "left Havana with scarcely an attribute of modern civilization, and practically in the sanitary condition of a city two centuries ago, . . . leaving behind only the accumulated filth of generations."

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Boutelle's Love for the Flag

"Sing ho, sing ho!
[illegible] ho, sing ho!
For the merchant man
The winds may blow [illegible]
On the rocky shore w[illegible]
And the men may come [illegible] men may go,
And some may sail and some [illegible]
But let them be whatever they be,
In matters pertaining to the sea,
They ain't nobody that knows so well
The navy business as Cap Boutelle."

Lampton

CHARLES A. BOUTELLE

Born of a race of old salts, a salt himself as soon as he was old enough to take servi a gallant officer during the Civil War, it was natural that when Mr Boutelle came to Congress he should be placed on the Committee on Naval Affairs

Mr. Boutelle's patriotism is widely known. One has only to turn over the pages of the Congressional Record for evidence that he is loyal to his country first, last and all the time, and to him more than to any one man living the Americanizing of our Navy is due.

Mr. Boutelle's patriotism, especially his love for the flag, was the subject of an attack upon him in Congress

"He is with the flag," said a factious member, "like an Irishman is with a shillalah,—whenever you see a head, hit it; whenever he sees a place for a flag he wants to haul it up"

"Better haul it up than haul it down," responded Mr. Boutelle

"He has not stopped talking about it in twenty years," continued the member to laughter from his side of the chamber. "It seems to be the dream of his sleeping and waking hours. If the Secretary of the Navy were to start Boutelle for the North Pole, solitary and alone, with the folds of the flag about him, the twentieth century would find him standing in majestic solitude upon the frozen axis of the world waving the Stars and Stripes."

"But not under orders of the Secretary of the Navy,"—this was during Cleveland's administration, and he referred to the flag incident at Honolulu,—"who ordered the flag hauled down," said Mr. Boutelle in a voice that reached to every corner of the House chamber and of the galleries.

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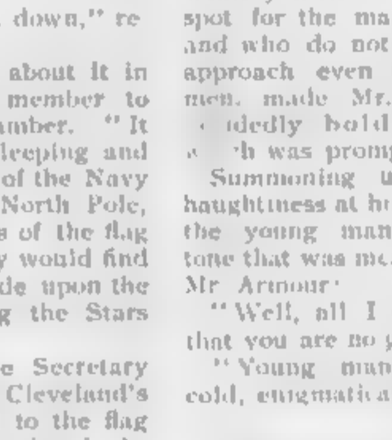
The Most Fortunate Man in the Land

It is an interesting fact that, since the establishment of the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, there have been only seven incumbents of that honorable position,—less than one third of the number of Presidents, though the office of President and Chief Justice were established concurrently. John Jay was the first, Melville W Fuller the seventh to occupy this illustrious post, more even to be desired than the Presidency, since the labor and responsibility are less, the honor almost as exalted, and the position a life one

The present Chief Justice was born and bred in the Pine Tree State, and earned his first money teaching in its backwoods, but his fame as lawyer was gained in the Windy City, from whence he was appointed by President Cleveland to fill the place made vacant by the death of Morrison R. Waite.



MELVILLE W. FULLER

It was as natural that Mr Fuller should become a lawyer as it is natural that a bird should fly or a fish should swim. He came of a family of lawyers. His father and his father's father were lawyers, both his paternal and maternal uncles were lawyers, and his mother's father, Nathan Weston, was Chief Justice of Maine. When the time came for him to choose a profession there was no hesitancy on the part of young Fuller, and he had not been practicing many years before his annual income amounted to a small fortune

Chief Justice Fuller is an alumnus of Bowdoin College, and a college mate of Senator Frye These two noted men, through all their separation, kept up their boyish intimacy, and are like brothers.

The Chief Justice is remarkably handsome His hair and mustache are silvery, his face pallid, his features clear cut and intelligent, but he is below the average in size, being extremely short and spare of figure, and presents a striking contrast to his immediate companions on the Bench,—the men who sit on either side of him, Justice Harlan and Justice Grey, both of whom are giants in height and girth. The difference is even more marked when the men appear without the gowns which the Justices invariably wear when the court is in session.

"Sit on ter de giant an de dwarf," called an irreverent street Arab after the Chief Justice and his associate, Justice Harlan, as they walked down Pennsylvania Avenue the other day on their way home.

•

P. D. Armour as a Humorist

P. D. Armour, the head of the largest packing-house in the world, has a very keen sense of humor, as the following anecdotes will show

One day a man carrying a fuzzy little poodle under one arm entered Mr. Armour's office and tried to talk "P. D." into buying it. The price was exorbitant,—$200 for a useless toy poodle. Mr. Armour looked at the man, then at the dog, and back again at the man and said:

"No. The sausage business must pick up considerably before I can pay so much for small dogs. Bring around a mastiff and I'll talk to you."

On another occasion one of those self confident young men who believe that all wealthy men have a tender spot for the man of nerve and who do not hesitate to approach even the busiest men, made Mr. Armour a decidedly bold request, which was promptly denied

Summoning up all the haughtiness at his command, the young man said in a tone that was meant to crush Mr Armour:

"Well, all I can say is, that you are no gentleman"

"Young man,"—with cold, enigmatical smile—"I'm a butcher"

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When Romero Saved General Grant

The late Minister from Mexico, Señor Don Matias Romero, served a longer period in Washington than any other member of the diplomatic corps. For more than forty years he was a prominent figure in society. His most intimate friend and the man he most loved was General Grant. For that heroic figure he had always a warm admiration, and no personal grief affected him more than his friend's failure. The moment he heard of it Mr Romero sent a check to General Grant begging him to draw upon his bank account for whatever amount he might need. It was the very first money the General received after financial disaster overtook him, and he was greatly affected by this evidence of true friendship.

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Peter Dunne's Work

Chicago has made a distinct contribution to American literature within the past five years. She has given us a new American humorist Finley Peter Dunne, better known as Dooley, was a Chicago boy, and received his literary training in that great school for writers,—[illegible] per. About the time the Trilby fad was in full swing he began his Dooley sketches, which appeared weekly in the paper on which he was employed. Now he is managing editor of the Chicago Evening Journal.

Chicago was quick to appreciate the value of Mr. Dunne's work in this line, and the weekly installments were eagerly watched for Little by little the world outside of Chicago has realized the worth of the Dooley sketches, until now they are read from one end of the country to the other. They are humorous and entertaining, but the humor is never forced. There is enough sound reasoning and philosophy hidden in them to raise them above the merely humorous

Mr Dunne is now planning other work, and will soon give to the reading public a series of Irish American sketches which will be on a somewhat higher literary plane than his present popular work as Dooley.

•

Sternberg, the Man of Action

It is characteristic of the man that of the hundreds of articles published about him during the war, some laudatory, some criticising him adversely, the Surgeon-General of the Army has not preserved one clipping

In the recent as in the Civil War his mind and time were taken up with the duties before him. He had no opportunity, if he had the inclination, to listen to the praise of his contemporaries or the screams of disapproval of his policy from ignorant laymen. Steadfastly and conscientiously he conducted the business of his department. Just how much sickness and misery were escaped by his wise administration will be shown when prejudice and partisans are silent and the history of the war is accurately written.

It is doubtful if any one in his profession knows more about hygiene, quarantine, sanitary science, antisepsis, bacteriology and preventive medicines than General Sternberg. But he has more than professional erudition to recommend him for his [illegible] office; he is the most practical of men, quick to see and quick to act; he is not handicapped by tradition, but belongs to that school which does not accept a thing until its truth has been demonstrated, or reject it until it has been proven worthless; nothing in connection with his department is deemed unworthy his attention, and his zeal is unbounded!

GEORGE M. STERNBERG

General Sternberg comes from good old German stock, and his devotion to duty is a birthright, for his father was a person of the old school, whose life was spent in service for others. Young Sternberg was appointed Assistant Surgeon early in the war, and received his first baptism of fire at the Battle of Bull Run, but he did not retreat with the others or seek to save himself He remained with the wounded on that historic field, and with scalpel and bandages in hand was taken prisoner by the Confederates. History calls such unselfishness heroism, General Sternberg names it duty.

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MINIATURE PORTRAITS

Miles' Effective Rebuke.—The story is told that while General Miles was in Porto Rico he needed an extra orderly and a "green volunteer was appointed. When the General called him, he replied: "Well, Miles, what is it?" The staff expected a storm, but the General smiled and answered: "Don't call me Miles; it is too formal. Call me Nels."

Ex-Governor Taylor's Philanthropy.—Now that his term as Governor has expired Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, says he is through with politics forever. He is preparing a lecture which he intends to deliver in the spring. He says: "The world is full of hard, grinding reality. I will try to give it something light, bright and mirthful."

Lord Salisbury's Recreation.—As a recreation, Lord Salisbury takes great interest in practical and experimental chemistry, and spends all his evenings in his splendidly appointed laboratory. He sifts and analyzes much in the same careful and precise way in which he examines an opponent's arguments.

When the Heat of Politics Cools.—Politics does indeed make strange bedfellows. Not long ago the forensic jousts between Senator Chandler and Senator Tillman were of the fiercest kind. Now they are chums. They lunch together, and Chandler frequently walks over to Tillman's seat during the session and these one-time "fire-eaters" sit laughing together like old college mates.

When Andrews was Taken for a Tramp.—On his way to a great Baptist convention Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Chicago's Board of Education, was endeavoring to think out an address which he was down to deliver. In order not to be annoyed by the talking around him, he went on the back platform of the train and sat down to think. As the train dashed by a station the operator telegraphed ahead, "Look out for tramp on rear platform." It was only with difficulty that one of the train hands was convinced that Andrews was not stealing a ride on the rear platform.

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New Guide to Rose Culture, the leading Rose Catalogue of America will be sent free on request. 132 pages, superbly illustrated. Describes 73 entirely new roses and all old favorites. Makes success with D & C Roses possible to all. Describes all other desirable flowers. Free sample of our magazine *Success with Flowers*, on request.

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40 square inches grating surface. Grates Chocolate fine and dry as meal. Good for Cheese, Bread, etc. Easy to use. No incrusted hands. Ask your dealer for it, [illegible]

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[illegible] List [illegible] of Upright Grand and Square Pianos, including leading makes, that we are closing out at a great reduction to make room upon our overcrowded floors. This opportunity to purchase a piano for $100 less than it could ordinarily be forced to pay. Most of this stock We sell more pianos to homes than any house in America

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Mailed free on application to
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To introduce our EASTER NOVELTIES we will send you a pair of the new

Solid Dumb-Bell Silver Link Buttons for 25c

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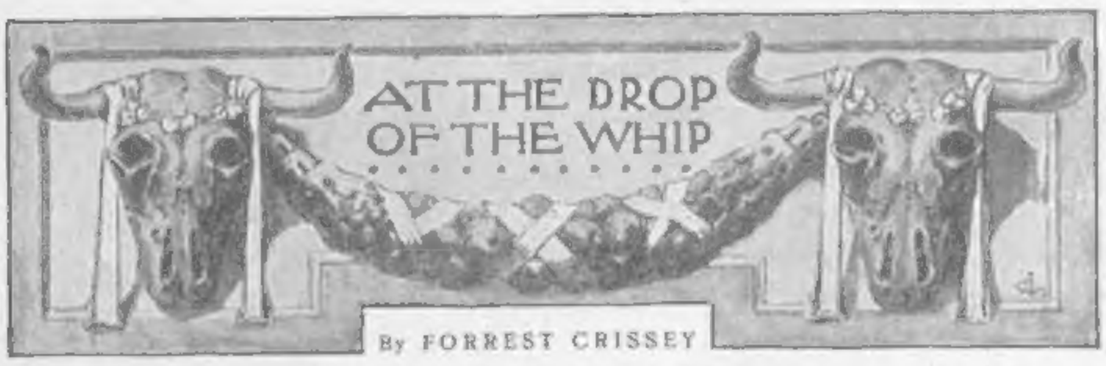

IN THE WORLD'S MOST PICTURESQUE EXCHANGE

Decoration and Drawing by J. C. Leyendecker

A TRAIN-LOAD of steers sold on the drop of a whip! A $10,000 "bunch" of cattle bartered on the silent signal of a waving rawhide, and not the scratch of a pen or the stroke of a pencil to bind the bargain!

This is an every-day transaction in the Chicago Stock Yards, where rough men in top-boots and spurs do business on the word-of-honor basis and accept mute signals in lieu of bonds for the sale and purchase of stock worth millions of dollars.

These rough-riders of the world's biggest ranch scorn the suggestion that a bargain sealed with the dip of rawhide is not binding. Honor, not ink, is the basis of their operations.

•

Picture a corral bigger than ever the dreams of the most ambitious cattle King of the Western plains have sought to compass; plant it in the heart of America's second city, and you have a suggestion of the splendid picturesqueness of the stock yards of Chicago.

Look down any of the long lanes and alleys connecting the battalions of pens and you will catch a glimpse of a "bunch" of trim riders with their coils of "ropes" caught over their saddle-horns or swinging from their arms. Perhaps a few of these men from the ranches may hold to the tradition of the range and still retain their wide-brimmed, flapping sombreros; but a Fedora, and even the conventional Derby, is quite as likely to be the headwear of the transplanted cow-punchers.

•

Even if he were to descend to disporting himself in a "boiled shirt," fresh every morning, the brand inspector of the stock yards would still remain a cow-puncher in the essentials of his craft. Otherwise he could not retain his position, for his work is the same as that which he has performed on the range and in the corral during his apprenticeship. He must be able to rope a steer with the same deftness as when he took a hand in the round-up; and his judgment of the temper of the animals which he handles must be even surer than then, for in the crowded pens of the yards he has only a few square feet, instead of a boundless prairie, in which to dodge the horns of an enraged captive. Not in another big city of the civilized world is so spectacular a scene to be witnessed as here when a savage steer turns upon his tormentors.

"How do we know when a steer means business and it's time to take to the fence?" remarked a veteran trader. "Well, you just ask Poston, over there on the spotted broncho. He's been up here for the Texas Association for years, and I guess he was born in the saddle. Anyhow, he's been a cow-puncher ever since he could eat with a spoon."

•

The jolly alumnus of the Texan range was appealed to, and in answer laughed until he showed dimples.

"When a cow-puncher can take to the fence without losing his standing," answered the brand inspector, "is something that can't be explained to one that doesn't know steers better than he knows men. There isn't a boy here who has been at the business long enough to get the saddle warm that can't pick the steer that's going to put up a fight before he rides into the bunch.

"When we spot one of these fighters, the first business is to cut him out of the bunch and run him into a separate pen,—or to let him run us out! We may have to throw him in the operation, but that's only fun, provided he don't stick a horn through a horse.

"If he gets so rambunctious that you can't get the rope on him, it's generally safe to shy up to the gate and jump from the saddle. Only a steer that's dead crazy will run a horse through unless it's mounted.

"Well, here's a bunch of long-horned Texans right from the old home range."

He cantered down the alley, followed by his assistants. After half a dozen gates had closed behind them, they entered a pen in which were huddled a bunch of steers, each member of which showed a prodigious sweep of gracefully curving horns. Instantly two of the riders drew rein and stood their horses in the form of an open V, leaving a narrow passageway between them.

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Then the ropers circulated about the edges of the bunch until the whole mass was stirred into a circular movement. This swiftly developed into a compact eddy of horns and backs, the outer edge of which passed between the horses of the inspectors.

"Half-circle, IX brand," called out the inspector, whose quick eye scanned the side of each animal that pushed between the patient, half-dejected bronchos, while the movements of the pencil in the hand of the assistant told that he was "marking down" the count, making tally by blocks of four perpendicular marks crossed by an oblique line.

NOT THE SCRATCH OF A PEN OR THE STROKE OF A PENCIL TO BIND THE BARGAIN!

Suddenly the even tenor of proceedings was interrupted by the cry of "Stray!" This drew the instant attention of the ropers, who "marked" the odd steer by a glance.

The count finished, the process of "cutting out" the stray was begun. Not for a moment was the motion of the eddy permitted to flag. With eyes fixed upon the stray, which appeared as like to his fellows as any pea to its companions in the same pod, the ropers urged their horses into the current of horns until the object of their quest was forced to the edge of the bellowing mass. Then a quick turn about brought the two horsemen between the bunch and the stray.

"Rope him!" shouted the inspector.

But before this command was given the lariat went whirling above the head of the roper, then shot its sprawling loop through the air in the direction of the isolated steer. With a snort the creature whirled to one side and leaped forward, while the spent loop, missing the mark, grazed his flying heels. In a moment he was again back in the centre of the bunch.

The second "cut-out" was executed with far greater difficulty than the first, but patience and persistent pushing at last triumphed. Once more the crafty stray found himself separated from his fellows and driven into the corner. This time both lariats whizzed in mid-air, and the loop of one settled down gracefully over the branching horns for which it had been aimed.

A mad bellow, a flying of heels, a shaking of horns and a break in the direction of the nearest horseman were features in the performance with which the captive entertained the spectators. Meantime his captor had swiftly leaped from his saddle and passed the end of the lariat under the strong brace of the feeding-trough. With this leverage he quickly and steadily drew the head of the struggling animal nearer and nearer the stay under which the straining rope was slipping.

Finally the frontal of the plunging steer bumped against the trough. But this lowering of the creature's head resulted in the instant and violent elevation of his heels. These appeared to beat the air in every direction at the same moment. Not until the breast of the inspector's broncho was crowded against the animal's side did the rear hoofs of the Texan "long-horn" seem to strike ground. This moment of helpless inactivity on the part of the kicking section of the steer was seized to advantage by the assistant inspector, whose fearless horse pushed close against the hocks of the captive. Another tormentor leaned from his saddle and grasped the tail of the bellowing captive to pull him more tightly against the edge of the feeding-trough.

The flash of burnished steel clippers in the hand of the inspector revealed the object of the contest. Their edges had scarcely touched the flank of the trembling steer before a narrow swath of hair was removed and the overgrown brand-mark was laid bare. Just as the inspector called "Circle A," a violent plunge on the part of the captive left a detached tuft of its tail in the strong grip of the roper and scattered the horses to a safe distance. Then the rope was slackened and deftly released from its hold about the horns and the steer was once more free.

"Oh! he was easy!" commented the inspector. "He didn't put up enough fight to make it interesting. Each cattle association has its inspectors here at the yards to take account of all shipments that come from ranges within its territory. There are seven of these associations, each taking its name from the principal in its jurisdiction. We get notices of the shipments and return a complete report of the number of steers and their brands, together with the names of the buyers and sellers, the prices, weight and totals of every bunch. When an animal bearing an odd brand is found in a bunch we know it is a stray. The check for this steer goes to the treasurer of the association, with whom every brand is registered, and the member owning the brand with which the stray is marked is credited with the amount. It's a simple system, but it results in returning to each cattle raiser what is his honest due. And it's a hard matter for the cleverest cattle thieves to get the start of this kind of an arrangement."

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"General sales" open at eight o'clock in the morning and close at three o'clock in the afternoon in this unique open-air exchange. Almost invariably the first morning meetings between buyer and seller are in the nature of preliminary skirmishes. They test each other's steel, and part to settle the issue in a final engagement at a later hour, each trusting that a turn in the market will yield him an advantage.

"I give five fifteen," says the cautious buyer.

"You're too low. Make it five twenty-five, and I'll sell," responds the commission man.

"Not now," answers the buyer indifferently; "I'll see you later on that proposition." And thus they part.

As the closing hour approaches and the buyer is still short of his demands, he catches sight of the commission merchant at the end of a long alley. A whistle or a shout attracts the attention of the seller. The buyer holds his riding-whip high in the air, and then, when he catches the seller's eye, he lets it fall in the direction of the pens in which are the cattle that formed the subject of the morning's conversation.

This gesture is answered in kind by the seller and a carload or a train-load of cattle is sold at the figure named by the seller at the time when he parted from the representative of the packing-house shortly after the opening of the day's business. Both buyer and seller disdain to make written note of these transactions. They rely entirely upon memory, and make a verbal report of the prices on reaching their respective offices.

•

"What happens when there's a dispute as to the price agreed upon between buyer and seller?" said a pioneer trader, repeating the question that had been put to him.

"If a thing of that kind should happen you can bet the price of all the steers in the yard that somebody'd get hurt. In fact, we're all so sure of the result that we simply don't forget. Indeed, in this business it's easier and much pleasanter never to make a mistake of that kind."

As a field for the study of human nature in the rough the stock yards of Chicago are preëminent and unique among the world's great commercial exchanges. No true Chicagoan has reason to deprecate the mention of this picturesque institution,—a gigantic ranch inclosed by miles of densely populated city blocks.

Tailor-Made Suits

$5

The costumes and skirts which we make are exclusive in style and distinctly different from the ready made garments. When wearing one of our styles you do not run the risk of meeting other ladies wearing garments which look exactly like yours. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made suits and skirts such as you see everywhere, but we are the only house making fashionable goods to order at moderate prices.

Our new Spring catalogue illustrates an exclusive line of suits and skirts selected from the newest Paris models, and the materials from which we make our garments comprise only the very latest novelties. We will mail our catalogue *free*, together with a choice line of samples to select from, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost.

Our catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, $5 up.
Duck, Piqué and Linen Suits, $4 up.
Duck, Piqué and Linen Skirts, $3 up.
Separate Cloth Skirts, $4 up.
Bicycle Suits, $4 up. Bicycle Skirts, $3 up.
Capes and Jackets for Spring Wear.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades. *We pay express charges everywhere.* If, when writing to us, you will mention any particular kind or color of samples that you desire, it will afford us pleasure to send you a full line of exactly what you wish. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second-mourning. Write to-day for catalogue and samples; we will send them to you, *free*, by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York City.

Bailey's Rubber Glove-Cleaner

Cleans kid gloves by rubbing the dirt off, not in. Requires no moisture, no soap, nor other preparation which tends to injure the kid. At all dealers', or sent by mail, postpaid, **10 cts.** *Catalogue Rubber Goods, free.*
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 24 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Spencerian Pens

WRITE WELL ONCE TRIED **WEAR LONG ALWAYS USED**

Samples sent on receipt of return postage, 2 cents.

Established 1860

Probably you are using Electric Lustre Starch

If you are not, order a package of your Grocer; or, if you want to try it first, send to us for FREE SAMPLE. IT IS THE BEST LAUNDRY STARCH IN THE WORLD. Makes Shirts, Collars and Cuffs look like new.

Blue Packages

Electric Lustre Starch Co.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Half the Pleasures in Life come through the ear.

The only way to preserve these pleasures in their perfection, and enjoy them at will, is by owning a genuine

EDISON Phonograph

The New STANDARD Phonograph | Price Complete $20

Produces the same results as the other famous models of the

Genuine Edison Phonograph

Makes records; reproduces records. Equipped with shaving device. Simplest, most durable and cheapest talking-machine.

Send for free Catalogue No. 44—our latest edition. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS TRADE Thomas A. Edison MARK

National Phonograph Co.
St. James Building, Broadway and 26th Street, New York

Edison records, 50c. each; $5 per doz.

THINGS IN WHICH CHICAGO IS GREATEST

SAM T. CLOVER

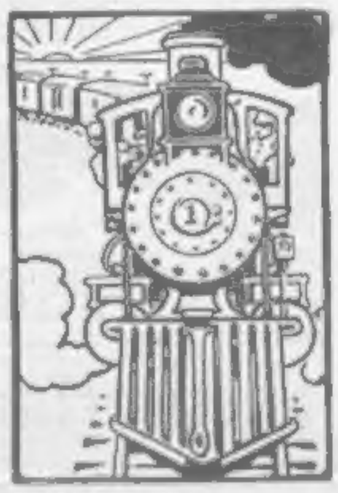
A KEEN observer and witty writer felicitously remarked of the World's Columbian Exposition that after all its main exhibit was Chicago. This is precisely the spirit in which one approaches the subject of Things in Which Chicago is Greatest.

She herself is the biggest attraction on the list. She is so resourceful, so accustomed to doing really great things as a simple matter-of-course, that some of her largest enterprises appear dwarfed and even of minor importance because of the point of view up to which her citizens have been educated. This has a complacent, self-satisfied sound, but the cold, stubborn facts to be adduced amply support the statement. If we sometimes talk big, it is not mere bluster; for Westerners are essentially men of action, and what they promise they rarely fail to perform.

•

GREATEST RAILROAD CENTRE OF THE WORLD

Chicago is the greatest railroad centre in the world. With twenty-eight terminal trunk lines, the number of through express and mail trains arriving and departing daily is 284; accommodation and suburban passenger trains, 694; merchandise freight trains, 288; grain, stock and lumber trains, 100, making a total of 1366 regular trains of all classes in and out of Chicago daily by way of all railroad lines.



One hundred and fifty thousand suburbanites are brought in every morning over the steam roads, and one of these lines, — the Illinois Central, —transports 15,000,000 passengers every year over its admirably conducted system.

The total tonnage of dead freight carried East in 1898 aggregated 6,000,000 tons.

From the West the big trunk roads brought in nearly 270,000,000 bushels of grain, over 4,000,000 barrels of flour, 205,000,000 pounds of cut meats, 60,000,000 pounds of lard, and 9,000,000 live hogs. The in and out freight amounts now to 950,000 cars annually. From figures furnished by the respective Boards of Trade it has been demonstrated that Chicago handles yearly fifty-three per cent. as much wheat and corn as that received and distributed by New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Omaha, St. Paul, Denver and New Orleans combined.

•

THE ENGINEERING FEAT OF THE CENTURY

Of all Chicago's self-imposed tasks, far the greatest and most important is the building of the big sanitary canal for the purpose of satisfactorily disposing of the city sewage and of insuring the purity of the water supply. Thus far the amount of money expended in perfecting what is unquestionably the greatest feat of sanitary engineering in the world reaches $30,000,000. It will require $3,000,000 more to finish the work. Another twelvemonth will see the completion of this gigantic enterprise.

The plan for the disposing of the sewage involved the construction of a channel thirty-one miles in length, with an excavation of thirty-eight feet. The depth of the water when admitted will be twenty-two feet. The minimum flow of water in the channel when it is opened is to be 300,000 cubic feet a minute, and the maximum flow 600,000 cubic feet. It is confidently stated that, despite the enormous amount of sewage to be emptied into the canal, the water will be clear as crystal. The entire water supply of the channel will come from Lake Michigan.

In round numbers, the registration of vessels entering Chicago Harbor in 1898 amounted to 7,500,000 tons, and the combined entrances and clearances in that time aggregated 15,100,000 tons.

The tonnage of vessels in the foreign trade entering at London in 1896 was 8,900,000; New York, 7,250,000; Antwerp, 5,700,000; Liverpool, 5,600,000. The vessels passing through Suez Canal in 1897 had a tonnage of 8,000,000.

It is interesting to note that in the number of vessels entering and clearing at this port last year, Chicago led New York, her closest rival, by 4491. Chicago is easily the greatest port of the Great Lakes, ranking with the first in the country, and among the most important in the world.

•

THE FOOD CENTRE OF THE WORLD

Of course, it wouldn't do to omit reference to the enormous packing interests so closely identified with the commercial growth of Chicago. Packingtown is the first attraction shown visitors, particularly those of a literary bent. Since the Union Stock Yards were opened, thirty-three years ago, the business transacted in that region has swollen to prodigious proportions. A few statistics of Chicago's live-stock traffic will give some idea of its immensity.

Last year the receipts of cattle, sheep and hogs were 15,700,000 head, of a total valuation of $230,000,000. Packers slaughtered over 8,000,000 head in 1898, exceeding all previous records. They paid out upward of $150,000,000 for live stock during the twelvemonth. One of them does a business in excess of $100,000,000 annually. About $15,000,000 is invested in the various plants at Packingtown, and the capital employed approximates $30,000,000. Between 25,000 and 30,000 laborers find steady work in these vast interests. Their annual wages range between $20,000,000 and $25,000,000. It should not be overlooked that Chicago is also the greatest horse market in the world, the number received in 1898 approaching closely to 120,000 head, all of which found a ready sale.

Chicago feeds the world. The export trade for the year just passed proves the assertion. The value of exports of breadstuffs for the twelve months was nearly $470,000,000, which, added to the sales of provisions amounting to $170,000,000, made a total of $640,000,000. The supremacy of Chicago as the grain-supplying centre of the world is unquestioned.

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FARM MACHINES FOR ALL NATIONS

More than two-thirds of the world's production of reapers, binders and mowers emanate from Chicago. This output is famous all over the civilized globe. Distance offers no restrictions to sales. One concern ships during the busy season an average of 100 cars of machines daily. This same firm turned out for weeks at a time 1000 completely finished machines each day. Its output for 1898 reached 100,000 mowers, 80,000 binders and 20,000 reapers. The total trade in Chicago in farm machinery amounts to $50,000,000 annually.

The lumber interests keep well up in importance. Chicago receives about 1,500,000,000 feet of lumber, and in the vicinity of 300,000,000 shingles yearly.

Another manufacturing item of note is contained in the statement that Chicago is the largest producer of brick in the United States. In 1898 there were manufactured and sold over 300,000,000 common building and sewer bricks. The capacity of the common brick plants in Cook County is 600,000,000 annually.

For years Chicago has been the greatest hide market in the world. The four biggest packers market annually $12,000,000 worth of hides.

Chicago has been indiscriminately lauded and criticised for her tall office blocks, or "sky-scrapers," as they have been appositely named. The congested business portion is largely responsible for the sixteen, eighteen and twenty story buildings that have been the cause of so much comment.

The highest building in the city is the Masonic Temple, whose sky-line rises 302 feet above the sidewalk. The most picturesque is the Woman's Temple, with the handsome Pullman building a close second. The largest and roomiest is called the Rookery, inside of whose walls 4000 persons pursue daily their respective avocations.

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GREAT FREE SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES

Chicago spends upward of $7,000,000 a year on her free schools. At the close of the school year, June 24, 1898, the number of school buildings owned by the city was 318, the total valuation of which was placed at $21,000,000. Since then twelve or fourteen large fire-proof structures have been built, or are now in the course of construction, the cost of which will reach $500,000, irrespective of the ground sites. In addition, the city rents over 300 rooms in which to take care of the children who from lack of space cannot enter the school buildings.

Next in importance to the schools are the great free libraries, of which the Chicago Public Library, the Newberry and the John Crerar Library are superb institutions for the dissemination of knowledge. The Public Library building, completed last year at a cost of $2,000,000, embodies the highest results attained in library construction.

The University of Chicago is thoroughly typical of the growth and marvelous progress of the city of its birth. Opening its doors in October, 1892, with four buildings, 900 students were matriculated the first year of its existence. There are now seventeen permanent buildings on the campus, and the attendance of students during the quarter just closed was 1621. With an endowment fund of $12,000,000, the University is a great factor in the higher educational life of the West.

It should not be forgotten that the greatest telescope in the world,—the superb forty-inch lens presented by C. T. Yerkes,—is controlled by the Chicago University.

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LEADING ALL CITIES IN ITS PARK SYSTEM

In her beautiful parks and boulevards Chicago takes precedence of all other cities in the United States. With a total park and boulevard system of over 2800 acres, which includes nearly 100 miles of drives and boulevards, her citizens cheerfully pay $1,000,000 a year for their maintenance.

There are three separate Park Boards which have in charge the three different systems. The total area of the territory embraced within the limits of the South Parks and Boulevards is 1500 acres; the West district comprises 960 acres, and the North Shore division nearly 350 acres.

Chicago has more miles of street railway than any other city in the world. The total length of single track, elevated roads included, is over 1000 miles. The extent of the three principal surface lines is in excess of 500 miles. When it is considered that Chicago has an area of 189 square miles, the importance of having the best system of rapid transit is unquestioned.

With three elevated roads and a fourth in process of construction, all centring in the downtown district, the great problem of interurban transportation is being rapidly solved.

•

ACTUAL FOREIGN CITIES IN CHICAGO

If any one doubts that Chicago is the most cosmopolitan city in the United States in point of nationality, let him glance at the following table, taken from the last school census. Of Chicago's 1,800,000 population, over 600,000 are of foreign birth, divided as follows:

German	207,000	Canadians	18,000
Irish	134,000	Italians	12,000
Swedes	57,000	Scotch	11,000
Poles	44,000	French	10,000
Bohemians	41,000	Danes	10,000
Norwegians	22,000	Hollanders	9,000
English	21,000	Other countries	15,000
Russians	21,000		
Total			602,000

Briefly and all too inadequately I have tried to point out some of the more important things on which Chicago bases her claims to greatness. Is she a Windy City? Is she all bluster and no achievement? What she has done and is doing best answers this slur cast by envious and, I fear, ignorant critics.

• • •

SAM T. CLOVER,

managing editor of The Chicago Evening Post, began his newspaper career before he was twenty by taking a tramp round the world. His experiences are graphically described in Paul Travers' Adventures, published by a Chicago firm last year. Five years of newspaper work in Dakota brought him into intimate touch with Western life, which has been reflected in his writings ever since. As staff correspondent of the Chicago Herald he reported the Cheyenne Indian uprising in 1890, and the Messiah outbreak among the Sioux a year later. He was present at the final "ghost dance" led by Sitting Bull on Grand River shortly before the noted medicine chief was killed, and is credited with being the last white man to see him alive. In the ill-starred Johnson County War in Wyoming, in the spring of 1892, when forty regulators invaded the Big Horn Country to administer lynch law to the cattle rustlers, Mr. Clover was the only newspaper man with the vigilants from start to finish. He has been managing editor of the Evening Post since Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat bought it, in conjunction with the Times-Herald, four years ago.

As Smooth as Satin

H. & W. Corset Waists

Do not wrinkle at the waist-line.

Have rust-proof removable stays. Pearl buttons. Wide lace edge. Hose supporter attachments.

Style 200, Slightly Boned.
Style 300, Slightly Corded.

The handsomest waist ever offered at $1.00.

Other styles for Boys, Girls, Babies and Misses, 25 cents to 75 cents each.

It will pay you to ask your dealer for the "H. & W." Waist, and send us his name if he does not keep it.

LANGDON, BATCHELLER & CO., New York
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
Thomson's "Glove-Fitting" Corsets

LIVED 91 YEARS

The life of Sir Isaac Holden furnishes a lesson to those who eat bread

The Hon. T. P. O'Connor, member of Parliament in England, relates some interesting incidents in the life of his old colleague, Sir Isaac Holden, who was almost 91 years of age at his death.

"It was truly an edifying sight," Mr. O'Connor said not long ago, "to see this man, with the burden of more than 80 years upon him, walking erect and cheerful into the division lobby at one, two, three and four o'clock in the morning, showing no sign of fatigue, nor even of sleepiness or irritation. Old age did not bring rigidity, decrepitude or enfeeblement to him, and, even up to the time of his death, his vitality and brain power were extraordinary. The whole secret of his health and longevity was his careful choice of food, and his avoidance of starchy bread and other edibles."

Sir Isaac Holden's life furnishes a lesson to every one. It shows that one's selection of food has much to do with health, and it is a lesson of particular importance to those who persist in eating bread made from ordinary "white" flour, which Sir Isaac Holden especially avoided.

In "white" flour starch predominates, while the good properties of the wheat are largely lost. This is because the strength-giving properties of the wheat are dark in color, hence must be removed in order to make the flour white.

Those who value health and long life more than the dictates of fashion will follow the example of Sir Isaac Holden: they will avoid bread made from "white" flour, and other starchy foods, and will eat breadstuffs made from flour of the entire wheat kernel.

The finest "whole wheat flour" is that made by the Franklin Mills Co., of Lockport, N. Y., which is rich in brain and muscle making properties, and which enriches the blood and feeds the nerve tissues. It makes delicious bread of a beautiful golden color, and, in the end, is the most economical flour in the market, because it "goes" so much farther in bread-making. Readers of the POST are advised to write to the Franklin Mills Co. for a handsome illustrated booklet, which is full of valuable information, and will be sent free on request.

Rambler Bicycles

1899 MODELS

of RAMBLER BICYCLES are the best we have ever made and the 1899 price popular and fair

$40

We are confident, after 20 years' experience, that we can build and are building

"THE BEST BICYCLES IN THE WORLD"

Catalogue is free.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Chicago Boston Washington New York Brooklyn Detroit Cincinnati Buffalo Cleveland London

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

for March 11, include

The Story of Hobson's Boyhood as Told by His Mother.

The Man Who Holds an Empire in His Hands

A character sketch of Cecil Rhodes, by one who helped him build Rhodesia.

Stories by HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS
MABEL NELSON THURSTON
HAROLD FREDERIC
ANNA FARQUHAR

Price 5 Cents Of All Newsmen

NUMBER TWO.—Wherein are continued the Words of Counsel to the Youth of the Day on Questions Relating to their *Welfare* and *Development*, commenced by Benj. Franklin, the Founder of this Paper.

"He that by the Plow would Thrive, Himself must either Hold or Drive."
—Poor Richard's Almanack.

Exaggeration in Daily Life

BENEATH all exaggeration there is a basis of truth, says Rev. F. B. Meyer in his Work-a-Day Sermons. When an American said that the whey which flowed from the making of a large cheese in his country was sufficient to run three sawmills, there was no doubt some truth at the basis of his statements, though only as a drop of homeopathic medicine in a tumblerful of water. And it is this small residuum of truth that veils to the eyes of really good people the evil of this habit. There is no doubt that, in the last analysis, exaggeration must be classed under the head of lying and falsehood. Those that exaggerate are excommunicate from the Temple of Truth.

I once heard Mr. Moody say that a lady had come to him, asking how she might be delivered from the habit of exaggeration, to which she was very prone. "Call it lying, madam," was the uncompromising answer, "and deal with it as you would with any other temptation of the devil."

We exaggerate in our narrations. When a little lad I had been listening with amazement to the description given by a lady of some recent experiences, when my grandfather whispered to me slyly, "All her geese are swans." The words have often come back to me. When mothers describe the excellences of their children, their wit, precocity and beauty; when travelers narrate their hair-breadth escapes, their marvelous experiences by land or water, all of which end so neatly as to resemble the often polished deal; when ministers give themselves up to tell the story of the crowds they address, the magnitude of their church operations, or the deftness with which they have managed to get their own way,—one is inclined to think that, under the idealizing effect of a strong imagination, geese have become swans. It seems almost impossible for some people to tell an unvarnished tale. The actual is not wonderful enough.

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We exaggerate in our choice of words. It is too terrible to hear the young ladies of the period discussing a panorama of Alps, a sunset at sea, a vision like that of Fountains or Clairvaulx under the soft light of the moon. "Awful," "killing," "awfully jolly," "too, too, don't-yer-know," are quite the most refined and moderate that I need cite here; one has no desire to put more of this base coin into circulation. This pernicious habit arises in part from ignorance of the derivation, meaning and value of words, but particularly from the desire to be conspicuous among the little group around them. Many people mistake bigness for greatness, bulk for value. This accounts for a good deal of loudness in voice and extravagance in phrase.

We also exaggerate in our religious phraseology. In certain prayers we are wont to hear there is gross exaggeration in the confessions of sin. If all that some men say of themselves in prayer be true, they certainly deserve to be put out of the church, or be interviewed by their ministers. But if you were to take them at their word, and refuse to allow your families to associate with theirs, or withdraw your custom from their stores, on the ground of their confessions of depravity, they would be very much surprised. Many a man would threaten to knock you down if you applied to him the epithets he applies to himself.

Exaggeration infects all our life. The bride exaggerates the number and value of her presents. The tradesman's advertisements announce that he has 10,000 bedsteads on view when he has only 1000 at the most; that he can offer 1000 cheeses to choose from when with great difficulty he can get too into his cellar; that he is selling off at an alarming sacrifice, when all in the trade know that he is making large profits.

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Most of us are adepts at drawing the long-bow. We are not content with the reflection cast by events on the plain glass of truth, but distort them by the convex or the concave, like the two mirrors which are sometimes placed outside eating-houses to show the effect of a good meal on the face.

We should accustom ourselves to think and speak accurately. Nothing so tests the quality of our minds as our use and choice of adjectives. When people know all your adjectives they have come to the end of your treasures. It is partly due to our slovenliness in observing and describing that we exaggerate in our speech; and the evil would be remedied if young people would read the best poetry with careful discrimination, asking why Browning or Tennyson use such a word in such a connection. It is specially valuable, with this object, to translate some foreign author,—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Racine or Schiller,—finding an English equivalent for each word, though it takes an hour of thought and research.

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Lipton's Rule for Success

"TO YOUNG men I would say," declares Sir Thomas J. Lipton, "that the moulding of their future lives is in their own hands. They often get opportunities for advancement, but do not embrace them. If, however, they start with a definite object in view, determined to work hard, take an intelligent interest in their duties, not make too much of a bargain about long hours, and do to others as they would like to be done by, there is no fear but that they will succeed,—they are bound to have success."

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The Value of Adaptability

WHETHER inherent or acquired, adaptability is one of man's most fortunate possessions, says an exchange. Some men remind us of an awkward piece of furniture, looking out of place wherever you place it and spoiling the symmetry of the room,—clumsy, awkward, unyielding, inharmonious; while other men adjust themselves to fit any work and adorn it, just like an artistic piece of furniture that is adapted to any corner or side of a room and brings everything else into harmony.

I wish men could learn the art of adaptability and take it into their lives as so much staple stock in trade. It never loses value year in, year out; it commands its price at all seasons alike.

If a man has learned bookkeeping, for instance, he must remember that each business keeps books upon its own special plan, though the foundation principles may be the same. One business will find it necessary to keep a smaller number of books, another a greater, and the first thing a bookkeeper must learn is to adapt himself to the books of the business, and not attempt to adapt the books to himself.

Solicitors noted for success in life have learned to adapt themselves to the peculiarities of their patrons, and never attempt to change the patron to their own mould. Adaptability makes its happy possessor welcome everywhere and sought everywhere. Everybody is comfortable in his presence.

There is no sacrifice of self-respect in adapting one's self gracefully to a situation; indeed, it is one of the surest indications of true nobility of soul, because it is considerate of all men and only sacrifices one's own selfish nature. It may be said to be putting into practice the Golden Rule, for adaptability is nothing less than treating all men as you would be treated.

It requires a quick comprehension of your surroundings, delicacy and tact in this adaptability to be perfectly agreeable to one man in an office without being offensive to others. Indeed, it may be described as the most comprehensive, all-embracing talent that a man can possess, for the adaptable man must be a good judge of men and character without regard to appearance. His judgment must be the righteous judgment. The adaptable man is the successful man in winning his way in every instance.

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Pay Your Small Bills

MEN who would never think of allowing a note or a large account to stand open are too frequently careless in regard to small accounts. After all, says a writer in one of the trade journals, we are judged by small things, and what good is it if a man meets his bank obligations promptly and he causes a number of people to whom he owes petty accounts to go about talking of how hard it is to get him to pay up. Be as particular about the little accounts as the big ones. Do not snub a collector because he calls for a small account when it is due. It is your fault that he has to call. Some people resent either being drawn upon or called upon for a small bill. They forget it is the other man who has to stand the expense and trouble of collecting. Be also as prompt in collecting your own accounts as in paying others. If the losses made each year by small debts, neglected because they are small, could be recovered there would be handsome dividends in most businesses.

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Aurora. White, flaked and striped orange salmon.
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Gray Friar. Watered purple on white ground.
Mars. Bright fiery crimson. Best yet.
Meteor. Bright orange salmon, with pink wings.
Ramona. Creamy white, splashed with pink.
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One packet of each of the above, 10 separate packets, New Large-Flowering Sweet Peas, for only **20 cts.**

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One packet of each of the above 12 varieties of Flower Seeds, postpaid, for only 40 cts.

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Cannas and Dahlias are now the reigning rage in horticulture. Cannas, whether grown for decorative plants in pots, or in beds upon the lawn, or in the city garden, are at all times beautiful and admirable. The following collection embraces the newest of the NEW ORCHID CANNAS.

Philadelphia. Large crimson scarlet flowers, measuring six inches across. Absolutely the largest and finest red variety.
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Queen Charlotte. Intense velvety crimson, with a very broad and irregular band of golden yellow round each petal. A conspicuously showy Canna.
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We will send, postpaid, to any address, one strong, blooming-size bulb of the above Cannas, each distinctly labeled,

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Minerva. Resembles very much a fine-petaled Chrysanthemum. Color, soft yellow, overlaid soft pink, shading sometimes to bright reddish purple; beautiful and effective. 25 cts. each.
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Sunbeams. A Tom Thumb variety; may be grown in pots as decorative plants. Flowers pure yellow, tipped and margined vivid red. 50 cts. each.
Captain Jack. The best dark Show Dahlia. Color, rich velvety maroon, almost black. 25 cts. each.
Iridescent. As its name implies, is of many colors. Orange-red and blue, and variegations. Very handsome. 25 cts. each.

One good strong root of each of the 6 New Dahlias mentioned above, postpaid,

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